

A. D. PATERSON,

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SONG OF THE TREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

What a happy life was mine when the sunbeams used to twine
Like golden threads about my summer suit;
When my warp and woof of green let enough of light between,
Just to dry the dew that lingered at my root.

What troops of friends I had when my form was richly clad,
And I was fair 'mid fairest things of earth!
Good company came around, and I heard no rougher sound
Than Childhood's laugh in bold and leaping mirth.

The old man sat him down to note my emerald crown,
And rest beneath my branches thick and bright;
The squirrel on my spray kept swinging all the day,
And the song birds chattered to me through the night.

The dreaming poet laid his soft harp in my shade,
And sung my beauty, chorussed by the bee;
The village maiden came to read her own dear name,
Carved on my bark, and bless the broad green tree.

The merry music breathed, while the bounding dancers wreathed
In mazy windings round my giant stem;
And the joyous words they poured, as they trod the chequered sward,
Told the green tree was a worshipped thing by them.

Oh, what troops of friends I had, to make my strong heart glad,
What kind ones answered to my rustling call!
I was hailed with smiling praise, in the glowing summer days,
And the beautiful green tree was loved by all.

But the bleak wind hath swept by and the gray cloud dimmed the sky,
My latest leaf, has left my inmost bough;
I creak in grating tones, like the skeleton's bleached bones,
And not a footstep seeks the old tree now.

I stand at morning's dawn, the cheerless and forlorn;
The sunset comes and finds me still alone;
The mates who shared my bloom have left me in my gloom;
Birds, poet, dancers, children—all are gone.

The hearts that turned this way when I stood in fine array,
Forsake me now as though I ceased to be;
I win no painter's gaze, I hear no minstrel's lays,
The very nest falls from the leafless tree.

But the kind and merry train will be sure to come again,
With love and smiles as ready as of yore,
I must only wait to wear my robe so rich and fair,
And they will throng as they have thronged before.

Oh, ye who dwell in pride with parasites beside,
Only lose your summer green leaves and ye'll see
That the courtly friends will change into things all cold and strange,
And forget ye as they do the winter tree.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a'body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do falsely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a'.
Come gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mither can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mither can do;
We are ane hie an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of Heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.
PART VII.

At daybreak, the bustle of the camp awoke me. I rose hastily, mounted my horse, and spurred to the rendezvous of the general staff. Nothing could be more animated than the scene before me, and which spread to the utmost reach of view. The advance of the combined forces had moved at early dawn, and the columns were seen far away, ascending the sides of a hilly range by different routes, sometimes penetrating through the forest, and catching the lights of a brilliant rising sun on their plumes and arms. The sound of their trumpets and bands was heard from time to time, enriched by the distance, and coming on the fresh morning breeze, with something of its freshness, to the ear and the mind. The troops now passing under the knoll on which the commander-in-chief and his staff had taken their stand, were the main body, and were Austrian fine-looking battalions, superbly uniformed, and covered with military decoration the fruits of the late Turkish campaigns, and the picked troops of an empire of thirty millions of men. Nothing could be more brilliant, novel, or picturesque, than the display of this admirable force, as it moved in front of the rising ground on which our *cortège* stood.

"You will now see," said Varnhorst, who sat curbing, with no slight difficulty, his fiery Ukraine charger at my side, "the troops of which Europe, in general, knows no more than of the tribes of the new world. The Austrian sceptre brings into the field all the barbaric arms and costumes of the border land of Christendom and the Turk."

Varnhorst, familiar with every service of the continent, was a capital cicerone and I listened with strong interest as he pronounced the names, and gave little characteristic anecdotes, of the gallant regiments that successively wheeled at the foot of the slope—the Archducal grenadiers—the Eugene battalion, which had won their horse-tails at the passage of the Danube—the Lichtensteins, who had stormed Belgrade—the Imperial Guard, a magnificent corps, who had led the last assault on the Grand Vizier's lines, and finished the war. The light infantry of Maria Theresa, and the Hungarian grenadiers and cuirassiers, a mass of steel and gold, closed the march of the main body. Nothing could be more splendid. And all this was done under the perpetual peal of trumpets, and the thunder of drums and goags, that seemed absolutely to shake the air, it was completely the Miltonic march and harmony—

"Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."

But I was now to witness a still more spirit-stirring scene.

The tramping of a multitude of horse, and the tossing of lances and banners in the distance, suddenly turned all eyes in their direction.

"Now, prepare," said the Count, "for a sight, perhaps not altogether so soldierlike, but fully as much to my taste, as the buff-belt and grenadiers' cap formality of the line. You shall see the Austrian flankers—every corps equipped after its native fashion. And whatever our martinet may say, there is nothing that gives such spirits to the soldier, as dressing according to the style of his own country. My early service was in Transylvania; and if I were to choose troops for a desperate service, I say—give me either the man of the hill or the man of the forest, exactly in the coat of the chamois-shooter, or the wolf-hunter."

He had scarcely pointed my attention to the movement, when the whole body of the rearguard was in full and rapid advance. The plain was literally covered with those irregulars, who swept on like a surge, or rather, from the diversity of their colours, and the vast half-circle which they formed on the ground, a living rainbow. Part were infantry and part cavalry, but they were so intermingled, and the motion of all was so rapid, that it was difficult to mark the distinction. From my recollection of the history of the Seven Years' War, I felt a double interest in the sight of the different castes and classes of the service, which I had hitherto known only by name. Thus passed before me the famous Croatian companies—the Pandours, together forming the finest outpost troops of the army—the free companies of the Tyrol, the first marksmen of the empire, a fine athletic race, with the eagle's feather in their broad hats, and the sinewy step of the mountaineer—the lancers of the Bannat, first-rate videttes, an Albanian division, which had taken service with Austria on the close of the war; and, independently of all name and order, a cloud of wild cavalry, Turk, Christian, and barbarian, who followed the campaign for the chances, and galloped, sported, and charged each other like the Arabs of the desert.

The late triumphs of the Imperial arms in Turkey had even enhanced the customary display, and the standards of the cavalry, and colours of the battalions, were stiff with the embroidered titles of captured fortresses and conquered fields. Turkish instruments of music figured among the troops, and the captive horse-tails were conspicuous in more than one corps, which had plucked down the pride of the Moslem. The richness and variety of this extraordinary spectacle struck me as so perfectly Oriental, that I might have imagined myself suddenly transferred to Asia, and look for the pasha and his spahis; or even for the rajah, his elephants, and his turbaned spearmen. But all this gay splendour has long since been changed. The Croats are now regulars, and all the rest have followed their example.

My admiration was so loud, that it caught the ear of the duke. He turned his quick countenance on me, and said—"Tell our friends at home, M. Marston, what you have seen to day. I presume you know that Maria Theresa was a first-rate soldier; or, at least, she had the happy art of finding them. You may see Laudohn's hand in her battalions. As for the light troops, Europe can show nothing superior in their kind. Trenk's Pandours, and Nadasti's hussars were worth an army to Austria, from the first Silesian war down to the last shot fired in Germany. But follow me, and you shall see the work of another great master."

We spurred across the plain to the mouth of a deep, wooded defile, through which the Prussian grand corps d'armee were advancing. The brigades which now met our view were evidently of a different character from the Austrian;

their uniforms of the utmost simplicity; their march utterly silent; the heads of the columns observing their distances with such accuracy, that, on a signal, they could have been instantly formed in order of battle; every movement of the main body simply directed by a flag carried from hill to hill, and even the battalion movements marked by the mere waving of a sword. Even their military music was of a peculiarly soft and subdued character. On my observing this to Varnhorst, his reply was—"That this was one of the favourite points of the Great Frederick. 'I hate drums in the march,' said the king, 'they do nothing but confuse the step. Every one knows that the beat at the head of the column takes time to reach the rear. Besides, the drum deafens the ear. Keep it, therefore, for the battle, when the more noise the better.' He also placed the band in the centre of the column. 'If they are fond of music,'" said he, "why should not every man have his share?"

The steady advance, the solid force, and the sweet harmony, almost realized the noble poetic conception—

"Anon they move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised
To heights of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat."

It is true that they wanted the picturesque splendour of ancient warfare. The ten thousand banners, with orient colours waving, the "forest huge of spears," the "thronging helms," and "serried shields, in thick array of depth immeasurable." But if the bayonet, the lance, and even the cannon offered less to the eye, the true source of the grandeur of war was there—the power, the tremendous impulse, the *material* of those shocks which convulse nations—the marshalled strength, fierce science, and stern will, before which the works of man perish like chaff before the wind, and the glory of nations vanishes like a shade.

Whilst the last of the troops were defiling before the duke and his staff, a courier brought up despatches.

"Gentlemen," said the duke, after glancing at one of the papers, "the army of the Prince de Condé is in march to join us. They have already reached the neighbourhood. We must now lose no time. M. Marston, you will report to your Government what you have seen to-day. We are in march for Paris."

Varnhorst and Guiscard were now summoned to the side of the duke; a spot was found where we might shelter ourselves from the overpowering blaze of the sun; the successive despatches were opened; a large map of the routes from Champagne to the capital was laid on the ground; and we dismounted, and, sitting together, like old comrades, we held our little council of war.

"I can make nothing of my French correspondents in general," said the duke, after perusing a long letter "but M. le Comte writes like Cagliostro. He has evidently some prodigious secret, which he is determined to envelope in still deeper secrecy. He tells me that La Fayette has fled; but when, where, or for what purpose, is all equally an enigma. In one sentence of his letter he would persuade me that all France is disorganized, and in the next, that it is more resolved to resist than ever. Paris is prepared to rise at the first sight of the white flag, and Paris is sending out six thousand men every three hours to join the republican force in the field. Paris is in despair. Paris is in furious exultation. How am I to understand all this? Even in the postscript he tells me, in one breath, that the whole of the strong places in our front were filled with national guards, and that no less than seven corps of troops of the line are prepared to fight us in the plains of Champagne; and that we have only to push on to take the towns—charge the troops of the line to see them disperse—and advance within ten leagues of Paris to extinguish the rebellion, set the royal family free, and restore the monarchy."

The mysterious letter was handed round our circle in succession, and seemed equally beyond comprehension to us all. We had yet to learn the temperament of a capital, where every half-hour produced a total change of the popular mind. The letter, fantastically expressed as it was, conveyed the true condition of the hour. The picture was true, but the countenance changed every moment. He might as well have given the colours of a cloud.

I had now entered on a course of adventure the most exciting of all others, and at the most exciting time of life. But all the world round me was in a state of excitement. Every nation of Europe was throwing open its armoury, and preparing its weapons for the field. The troops invading France were palpably no more than the advanced guards of Prussia and Austria. Even with all my inexperience, I foresaw that the war would differ from all the past; that it would be, not a war of tactics, but a war of opinion; that not armies, but the people marshalled into hosts, would be ultimately the deciders of the victory; and that on whichever side the popular feeling was more serious, persevering, and intense, there the triumph would be gained. I must still confess, however, in disparagement to my military sagacity, that I was totally unprepared for the gallant resistance of the French recruits. What can they do without officers!—ten thousand of whom had been noblesse, and were now emigrants? What can they do without a commissariat, what can they do without pay, and who is to pay them in a bankrupt nation? Those were the constant topics at head-quarters. We were marching to an assured victory. France was at an end. We should remodel the Government, and teach the *sans culottes* the hazard of trying the trade of politicians.

There was but one man in the camp who did not coincide in those glittering visions. Let me once more do justice to a prince whose character has been affected by the caprices of fortune. The Duke of Brunswick's language to me, as we saw the Tri-colour waving on the walls of Longwy, the first fortress which lay in our road, was—"Sir, your court must not be deceived. We shall probably take the town, and defeat its wavering army; but up to this moment, we have not been joined by a single peasant. The population are against us. This is not a German war; it is more like yours in America. I have but one hundred and twenty thousand men against twenty-five millions." To my remark, "that there might be a large body of concealed loyalty in France, which only waited the advance of the Allies to declare itself," his calm and grave reply was: "That I must not suffer my Government to suppose him capable of abandoning the royal cause, while there was hope in military means. That it was his determination to hazard all things rather than chill the coalition. But this let me impress upon your Ministry," said he, with his powerful eye turned full on me; "that if intrigue in the German cabinets, or tardiness on the part of yours, shall be suffered to impede my progress, all is at an end. I know the French; if we pause, they will pour on. If we do not reach Paris, we must prepare to defend Berlin and Vienna. If the war is not ended within a month, it may last for those twenty years."

The commander-in-chief was true to his word. He lost no time. Before night our batteries were in full play upon the bastions of Longwy, and as our

tents had not yet overtaken us, I lay down under a vineyard shed in a circle of the staff, with our cloaks for our pillows, listening to the roar of our artillery; until it mingled with my dreams.

We were on horse an hour before daybreak, and the cannonade still continued heavy. It was actively returned, and the ramparts were a circuit of fire. As a spectacle, nothing could be more vivid, striking, and full of interest. To wait for the slow approaches of a formal siege was out of the question. Intelligence had reached us that the scattered French armies, having now ascertained the point at which the burst over the frontier was to be made, had been suddenly combined, and had taken a strong position directly in our way to the capital. A protracted siege would raise the country in our rear, and, thus placed between two fires, the grand army might find itself paralysed at the first step of the campaign. The place must be battered until a breach was made, and stormed *à la Turque*. Our anxiety during the day was indescribable. With our telescopes constantly in our hands, we watched the effect of every new discharge; we galloped from hill to hill with the impatience of men in actual combat, and every eye and tongue was busy in calculating the distance, the power of guns, and the time which the crumbling works would take to fill up the ditch. The reports of the engineers, towards evening, announced that a practicable breach was made, and three battalions of Austrian grenadiers, and as many of Prussians, were ordered under arms for the assault. To make this gallant enterprise more conspicuous, the whole army was formed in columns, and marched to the heights, which commanded a view of the fortress. The fire from the batteries now became a continued roar, and the guns of Longwy, whose fire had slackened during the day, answered them with an equal thunder; the space between was soon covered with smoke, and when the battalions of grenadiers moved down the hillside, and plunged into the valley, they looked like masses of men disappearing into the depths of ocean. The anxiety now grew intense. I hardly breathed; and yet I had a mingled sensation of delight, eagerness, and yet of uncertainty, to which nothing that I had ever felt before was comparable. I longed to follow those brave men to the assault, and probably would have made some such extravagant blunder, but for seeing Varnhorst's broad visage turned on me with a look of that quiet humour which, of all things on earth, soonest brings a man to his senses. "My good friend," said he, "however fine this affair may be, live in hope of seeing something finer. Never be shot at Longwy, when you may have a chance of scaling the walls of Paris. I have made a vow never to be hanged in the beginning of a revolution, nor to be shot in the beginning of a war. But come, the duke is beckoning to us. Let us follow him."

We saw the general and his staff galloping from the ground where he had remained from the beginning of the assault, to a height still more exposed, and where the guns from the fortress were tearing up the soil. From this spot a large body of troops were seen rushing from the gate of the fortress, and plunging into the valley. The result of this powerful sortie was soon heard, for every thing was invisible under the thick cloud, which grew thicker every moment, in the volleys of musketry, and the shouts of the troops on both sides. Varnhorst now received an order from the chief of the staff, which produced its effect, in the rush of a squadron of Prussian cavalry on the flank of the enemy's column. In a few minutes it was broken, and we saw its wrecks swept along the side of the hill. An universal shout was sent up from the army, and our next sight was the ascent of the Austrian and Prussian standards, gradually rising through the smoke, and making their way towards the glacis. They had reached the foot of the breach, when the fire of the town suddenly ceased. A white flag waved on the rampart, and the drums of the garrison beat the *chamade*. Longwy had surrendered! All now was triumph and congratulation. We flocked round the duke, and hailed his first conquest as a promise of perpetual success. He was in high spirits at an achievement which was so important to the national impression of his talents and resources. The sortie of the garrison had given the capture an *éclat* which could not have been obtained by the mere surrender of a strong place. But the most important point of all was, the surrender before the assault. "The sight of our troops is enough," was the universal conclusion. If the fortified barrier of France cannot resist, what will be done by troops as raw as peasants, and officers as raw as their troops? The capitulation was a matter of half an hour, and by nightfall I followed the duke and his escort into the town. It was illuminated by order of the conquerors; and, whether *bongré* or *malgré*, it looked showy; we had gazers in abundance, as the dashing staff caracoled their way through the streets. I observed, however, that we had no acclamations. To have hissed us might be a hazardous experiment, while so many Hulus were galloping through the Grande Rue; but we got no smiles. In the midst of the crowd I met Varnhorst steering his charger with no small difficulty, and carrying a packet of notes in his hand. "Go to your quarters and dress," said my good-humoured friend. "You will have a busy night of it. The Duke has invited the French commandant and his officers to dine with him, and we are to have a ball and supper afterwards for the ladies. Lose no time." He left me wondering at the new world into which I had fallen, and strongly doubting that he would be able to fill up his ball-room. But I was mistaken. The dinner was handsomely attended, and the ball more handsomely still. "Fortune de la guerre," reconciled the gallant captains of the garrison to the change; and they fully enjoyed the contrast between a night on the ramparts, and the hours spent at the Prussian generalissimo's splendidly furnished table. The ball which followed exhibited a crowd of the *belles* of Longwy, all as happy as dress and dancing could make them. It was a charming episode in the sullen history of campaigning, and before I flung myself on the embroidered sofa of the mayor's drawing-room, where my billet had been given for the night, I was on terms of eternal "friendship" with a whole group of classic beauties—Aspasias, Psyche, and Cleopatras.

But neither love nor luxury, neither the smiles of the fair *Champagnaises*, nor the delight of treading on the tessellated floors, and feasting on the richness of municipal tables, could now detain us. We were in our saddles by daybreak, and with horses that outstripped the wind, with hearts light as air, and with prospects of endless victory and orders and honours innumerable before us, we galloped along, preceded, surrounded, and followed by the most showy squadrons that ever wore lace and feathers. The delight of this period was indescribable. It was to me a new birth of faculties that resembled a new sense of being, a buoyant and elastic lightness of feelings and frame. The pure air; the perpetual change of scene; the novelty of the landscape; the restless and vivid variety of events, and those too of the most powerful and comprehensive nature; the superb display of the finest army that the Continent had sent to war for the last hundred years; and all this excitement and enjoyment, with an unrivalled vista of matchless courage in the horizon, a triumphal march through the provinces, to be consummated by the peace of Europe in Paris, filled even my vexed and wearied spirit with new life. If I am right in my theory, that the mind reaches stages of its growth with as much distinctness as the frame, this was one of them. I was conscious from this time of a more matured view

of human being, of a clearer knowledge of its impulses, of a more vigorous, firm, and enlarged capacity for dealing with the real concerns of life. I still loved; and, strange, hopeless, and bewildering as that passion was in the breast of one who seemed destined to all the diversities of fortune—it remained without relief or relaxation through all. It was the vein of gold, or perhaps the stream of fire, beneath the soil, inaccessible to the power of change on the surface, but that surface undergoing every impulse and influence of art and nature.

The army now advanced unopposed. Still we received neither cheers nor reinforcements from the population. Yet we had now begun to be careless on the topic. The intelligence from Paris was favourable in all the leading points. The king was resuming his popularity, though still a prisoner. The Jacobins were exhibiting signs of terror, though still masters of every thing. The recruits were running away, though the decree for the general rising of the country was arming the people. In short, the news was exactly of that checkered order which was calculated to put us all in the highest spirits. The submission of Paris, at least until we were its conquerors, would have deprived us of a triumph on the spot, and the proclamation of a general peace would have been received as the command for a general mourning.

The duke was in the highest animation, and he talked to every one round him, as we marched along, with more than condescension. He was easy, familiar, and flushed with approaching victory. "We have now," said he, "broken through the 'iron barrier,' the pride of Vauban, and the boast of France for these hundred years. To-morrow Verdun will fall. The commandant of Thionville, in desperation at the certainty of our taking the town by assault, has shot himself, and the keys are on their way to me. Nothing but villages now lie in our road, and once past those heights," and he pointed to a range of woody hills on the far horizon, "and we shall send our light troops *en promenade* to Paris." We all responded in our various ways of congratulation.

"Apropos," said the duke, applying to me, "M. Marston, you have been later on the spot than any of us. What can you tell of this M. Dumourier, who, I see from my letters, is appointed to the forlorn hope of France—the command of the broken armies of Lafayette and Luckner?"

My answer was briefly a hope that the new general would be as much over-matched by the duke's fortunes in the field, as he had been by party in the capital. "Still, he seemed to me a clever, and even a remarkable man, however inexperienced as a soldier."

"If he is the officer of that name who served in the last French war, he is an old acquaintance of mine," observed the duke. "I remember him perfectly. He was a mere boy, who, in a rash skirmish with some of our hussars, was wounded severely and taken prisoner. But as I learned that he was the son of a French *littérateur* of some eminence whom I had met in Paris, and as I had conceived a favourable opinion of the young soldier's gallantry, I gave him his parole and sent him back to his family, who, I think, were Provengals. He was unquestionably spirited and intelligent, and with experience might make either minister or general; but as he has begun by failure in the one capacity, it will be our business to show him that he may find success equally different in another. At all events, we have nothing but this minister-general between us and Notre-Dame. He has taken up a position on the Argonne ridge in our front. To force it will be but an affair of three hours. Adieu, gentlemen." He put spurs to his horse, and galloped to one of the columns which approached with trumpets sounding, bearing the captured banner of the church tower of Longwy.

The world was now before us, and we enjoyed it to the full. Varnhorst and I were inseparable, and feasted on the scene, the gaiety, the oddity of the various characters, which campaigning develops more than any mode of existence. The simple meal, the noon-rest under a tree, the songs of our troopers, the dance in the villages, as soon as the peasantry had discovered that we did not eat women and children—even the consciousness of a life wholly without care, formed a delicious state of being. "If this is the life of the Arab," I was often ready to exclaim, "what folly would it be in him to leave the wilderness! If the Esquimaux can sleep through one half of the year and revel through the other, is he not the true philosopher in the midst of his frost and snow?" Guiscard, who sometimes joined our party, was now and then moved to smile at our unripe conceptions of the nature of things. But we laughed at his gravity, and he returned to pore over the mysteries of that diplomacy which evidently thickened on him hour by hour. I recollect, however, one of his expressions—"My friend, you think that all the battle is to be fought in front: I can assure you that a much more severe battle is to be fought in the rear. Argonne will be much more easily mastered than the King's closet and the Aulic Council." We had good reason to remember the oracle.

One morning as, with half a dozen bussars, I was ranging the thickets on the flank of the advance, with the spirit of an English fox-hunter, on reaching the summit of a rising ground, I saw, some miles off, a party of horsemen making their way at full speed across the country. The perfect level of the plains, particularly in Champagne, makes the ground as open as a race-course. I called my hussars, and we galloped forward to intercept. On seeing us, they slackened their speed, and were evidently in consultation. At length the sight of our uniforms reassured them, and one of their number came forward to meet us. To our enquiry, the answer was, that "General Lafayette desired to be led to the headquarters." I now saw this memorable man for the first time, and was busy, in my usual style, in looking for the hero or revolutionist in his physiognomy. I was disappointed in both. I saw a quiet visage, and a figure of moderate size, rather *embonpoint*, and altogether the reverse of that fire-eyed and lean-countenanced "Cassius" which I had pictured in my imagination. But his manners perplexed me as much as his features. They were calm, easy, and almost frank. It was impossible to recognize in him the Frenchman, except by his language; and he was the last man in whom I could ever have detected that pride of the theatre, the "French *marquis*." His manners were English, and I had a fellow-feeling for him even in our short ride to the camp, and congratulated myself on being thrown into the intercourse of one who had played so conspicuous a part in the most conspicuous scene of our day.

But on his introduction to the Duke, my ardour received a sudden chill. I saw instantly, by the utter absence of all cordiality in his reception, that the French fugitive had taken a dangerous step, and that his Parisian ill fortune had deprived his retreat of all merit in the sight of the commander-in-chief. My doubts were soon confirmed by a message from his tent. I obeyed; and as I passed the lines, saw Lafayette surrounded by a troop of Hulus of the Guard. I found the duke pacing uneasily in front of the tent.

"M. Marston," said he, with a vexed manner, "your capture of this morning has added to our perplexities. You acted zealously, and with the spirit that distinguishes your nationality; but I heartily wish that M. La Fayette had taken any other direction than towards us. His fall has been contemplated for some time, and even the possibility of his being arrested by some of our parties. I have received a communication from the Allied cabinets on the contingency;

and the question now is, how to execute my orders without public weakness or personal severity."

I proposed to accompany him, while we were on the march, and to pledge myself for his honour when we arrived at quarters.

"Generously offered," was the reply. "But my duty, in the first instance, prohibits his remaining in the camp; and in the next, my feelings for himself would spare a man who has commanded the enemy's troops, the sight of that actual collision which must immediately take place. We attack the defiles of the Argonne to-morrow."

He entered the tent, wrote a few lines, and returned to me.

"M. Lafayette must consider himself as a prisoner; but as my wish is to treat him with honour, I must beg of you, M. Marston, to take charge of him for the time. Your offer has relieved me from an embarrassment; and I shall take care to make honourable mention of your conduct in this instance, as in all others, to both the courts of Berlin and St. James's. The *marquis* must be sent to Berlin, and I must request that you will be ready to set out with him this evening."

The sound was a thunder-stroke. "This evening!" when the decisive action of the war was to be fought next morning. "To Berlin!" when all my gallant friends were to be on the march to Paris. Impossible! I retracted my offer at once. But the prince, not accustomed to be resisted, held his purpose firmly; representing that, as the French general was actually *my* prisoner, and as *my* court was equally interested with those of the Allied powers, in preventing his return to embroil France, "it was my duty, as her commissioner, to see that the measure was effectively performed." But the appearance of leaving the army, on the very eve of important service, was not to be argued, or even commanded, away. The duke was equally inflexible, though his sentences were perhaps shorter than mine; and I finally left his presence, declaring that if the request were persisted in, I should throw up my commission at once, volunteer as a common trooper into the first squadron which would admit me, and then, his highness might, of course, order me wherever he pleased."

A stately smile was the only answer to this tirade. I bowed, and retired.

Within a hundred yards I met my two friends, Varnhorst and Guiscard, and poured out my whole catalogue of wrongs at once. Varnhorst shared my indignation, fiercely pulled his thick mustaches, and muttered some phrases about oppression, martinetism, and other dangerous topics, which fortunately were scattered on the air. Guiscard neither raged nor smiled, but walked into the ducal tent. After a few minutes he returned, and then his sallow countenance wore a smile. "You have offended the duke desperately," said he. "And as a sovereign prince, I dare say that banishment from his territories for life would be the least reparation; but as a general, we think that we cannot have too many good troops, and your proposal to take a Hulan's lance and pistol in your hand, is irresistible. In short, he receives you as a volunteer into his own hussars, and as you are henceforth at his disposal, he orders."—My tormentor here made a malicious pause, which threw me into a fever. I gazed on his countenance, to anticipate his mission. It wore the same deep and moveless expression. "His highness orders, that you shall escort, with a squadron, General Lafayette, to the Chateau, our former headquarters, and where we first met; there deliver over the Frenchman to an officer of the staff, who will be in readiness to escort him further; and, in the mean time, if the very fiery and independent M. Marston should have no objection to travel at night, he may return, and be in time for whatever is to be done here to-morrow."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed good-natured Varnhorst. "Guiscard, you are the first of negotiators!"

"No," was the quiet reply. "I pretend to nothing more than the art of being a good listener. I merely waited until the duke had spoken his will, and then interposed my suggestion. It was adopted at once; and now our young friend has only to ride hard to-night, and come to shade his brow with a share of any laurels which we may pluck in the forest of Argonne, in the next twenty-four hours."

I was enraptured—the communication was made in the most courteous manner to the *marquis*. He had at once perceived the difficulties of his position, and was glad to leave them behind as far as possible. Our escort was mounted within a few minutes, and we were in full gallop over the fruitful levels of Champagne.

To speed of this order, time and space were of little importance; and with the rapidity of a flock of falcons, we reached the foot of the noble hill, on which, embosomed in the most famous vineyards of the vine country, stood the Chateau. It was blazing with lights, and had evidently lost nothing of its population by the change of headquarters. We were soon brought to a stand by a challenge in French, and found that we were no longer among the jovial *Jägers* of Deutschland. We had fallen in with the advanced corps of the Emigrant army, under the command of the Prince of Condé.

Here was a new dilemma. Our prisoner's was perhaps the most startling name which could have been pronounced among those high-blooded and headlong men. The army was composed almost wholly of the noblesse; and Lafayette, under all his circumstances of birth, sentiments, and services, had been the constant theme of noble indignation. The champion of the American Republic, the leader of the Parisian movement, the commandant of the National Guard, the chief of the rebel army in the field—all was terribly against him. Even the knowledge of his fall could not have appeased their resentment; and the additional knowledge that he was within their hands, might have only produced some unfortunate display of what the philosopher calls "wild justice." In this difficulty, while the officer of the patrol was on his way to the Chateau to announce our coming, I consulted the captain of my escort. But, though a capital *sabreur*, he was evidently not made to solve questions in diplomacy. After various grimaces of thinking, and even taking the meershaun from his mouth, I was thrown on my own resources. My application to the captive general was equally fruitless: it was answered with the composure of one prepared for all consequences, but it amounted simply to—"Do just as you please."

But no time was to be lost, and leaving the escort to wait till my return, I rode up the hill alone, and desired an interview with the officer in command of the division. Fortunately I found him to be one of my gayest Parisian companions, now transformed into a fierce chevalier, colonel des chasseurs, bronzed like an Arab, and mustached like a tiger. But his inner man was the same as ever. I communicated my purpose to him as briefly as possible. His open brow lowered, and his fingers instinctively began playing with the hilt of his sabre. And if the rencontre could have been arranged on the old terms of man to man, my gallant friend would have undoubtedly made me the bearer of a message on the spot. But I had come for other objects, and gradually brought him round; he allowed that "a prisoner was something entitled to respect." The "request of his distinguished and valued friend, M. Marston, dear to him by so many charming recollections of Paris, &c., was much more;" and we finally arranged that the general should be conveyed unseen to an apartment in the Chateau, while I did him and his "*braves camarades*" the honour of shar-

ing their supper. I gave the most willing consent; a ride of thirty miles had given me the appetite of a hunter.—[To be Continued.]

A MODEST DEFENCE OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE FRAUDS.

BY T. HOOD.

Here's a clatter and a coil, and a puritanical upturning of eyes, and a horrified heaving of the humeral bones, at the fraudulent practices of those landing-waiters, tradest en, and others, who have merely been exemplifying Dryden's lines—

Custom to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.

But even if theirs were a legal offence instead of a charter, might they not plead that they do not come within the statute, inasmuch as they have not cheated any king, but the queen.

"I have not committed perjury," said an arraigned party; "we are forbidden to bear false witness against our neighbours, but I have borne false witness for my neighbour."

Tell me that this is chicanery and quibbling; object to the use of sophistry, indeed! What! was Mr. Gully, the quondam prize-fighter, deemed an unworthy member of parliament because, as it was illiberally urged by one of his opponents, his arguments would naturally be *so-fistical*? Shall we sanction pettifoggers and special pleaders, whose profession it is to discover and to practise modes by which the law may be evaded, justice defeated, the widow and the orphan impoverished, and themselves enriched; and shall we pour forth the phials of our wrath upon their humble imitators in Thames-street, because they wear no black gowns, and are not admitted as regular practitioners in the courts of legal trickery? If we want proof of the adage that one man may steal a horse while another may not look over the hedge, we shall find it in comparing the recognised frauds of customs with the much vituperated Customs frauds.

How can these tide-waiters be said to have cheated government, when it is palpable that they were not held under any government—that the commissioners forget their commission—that their nominal comptrollers exercised no control over them? A bishop (episcopos) is literally an overseer, instead of which it is notorious that some of them are overlookers of their duties, and blind to the state of their diocese, though they call it their see.

Tide-waiters are overseers of the customs duties, therefore it is their duty to overlook the customs. This is precisely what they have done in particular instances; this is the whole head and front of their offending; and yet what a rabid outcry against these poor fellows looking over the hedge, while the horse-stealer is allowed to ride quietly away.

Custom, say the Jurists, is unwritten law, and a practice may be termed a custom when it can be proved to have lasted for a hundred years. Now, can any man doubt that the custom of defrauding the Customs has endured more than a hundred years? Then the practice has become a law, and for observing this law, which, it seems, is one of our time-revered institutions, and a profitable proof of the wisdom of our ancestors, landing-waiters and tradest men are to be prosecuted and punished. Monstrous injustice!!

Poor Theodore Hook used to say that nothing changed so much in the course of a hundred years as a snuff-box, for it then became a *sentry-box*; but surely it is a more marvellous transmutation to metamorphose a fraud into a law at the end of a hundred years, and then to convert the poor man who is simply obeying that law, into a criminal. True it is, and we may candidly make the admission, that judicial authorities differ as to the construction of this law, for when custom was once urged in favour of some abuse, Chief Justice Sir Thomas Audeley replied.

"The usage hath been for thieves to rob at Shooter's-hill; is it therefore lawful?"

Whether this question followed out to its obvious deductions, would entitle the poor to reclaim that portion of the tithes which was originally intended for their support, it would be difficult to decide; for the alienation is above a hundred years old, and there is an immense difference, as we have already stated, between Customs' frauds and the frauds of custom. Yet the latter, nevertheless, may be infinitely more culpable than the former.

Ye noble peers, titled dames, and game-preserving squires, who never return from a continental excursion without a little retail smuggling, on your cleverness in which ye pique yourselves with a smirking complacency; no wonder that you are scandalized and indignant at the competition of these wholesale smugglers by the water-side; for secreting a French veil or scarf, and even cheating your friends at cards, have the sanction of gentility and May Fair, whereas similar practices at Wapping are gross and vulgar frauds, that ought to be exposed, and punished with all the rigour of the law. And ye, too, electioneering jobbers and intimidators! who denounce these smuggling shopkeepers, and yet hesitate not to tempt your own tradesmen to dishonesty, by threatening to withdraw your custom if they will not vote at your dictation, even against their consciences;—allow me to apprise ye, whether ye be Whigs or Tories, that these abuses of custom are infinitely more heinous than any of the Customs' abuses. And ye, too, corn and sugar monopolizers! who have been enriched at the expense of every other class, and yet rail against the poor rogues accused of a much narrower and more venial smuggling, do me the favour, your worships! to perpend the following quotation from Shakespeare:

"See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief! Hark in thine ear; change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief!"

Be it remembered that we are now addressing the aristocracy of society, who ought to be literally the bettermost, or rather the best class; who, having money in their pockets, are removed from the ordinary sources of temptation; to whom it ought to be as great a luxury to have clean hands in a figurative and moral, as in a personal sense; who talk of the humbler orders as their inferiors, although, if honesty were the standard of rank, they might find it difficult to establish their own superiority. If they have not been able to keep their hands from picking and stealing in the ways we have indicated, without a motive for their pilfering, what would those hands have done with a motive? Might not many a poor knave have been an honest man had he been born rich? Might not many an honest rich man have turned out a knave had he been born poor? Let this probability, with its widely ramifying consequences, be ever present to our minds, for it may teach us distrust of ourselves, forbearance to wards others.

Some there are who flatter themselves that they have deserted their sins because their sins have deserted them—who, having practised the frauds of custom till they have lost their appetite for them, imagine that they may safely and warrantably inveigh against the Customs' frauds. Their consciences become scrupulous as they lose their taste for transgressing. Such parties are respectfully invited to peruse the following anecdote.

A French Abbé, calling one afternoon upon a bishop, was invited to stop and dine.

"My lord," replied the conscientious man, with a very demure and scandalized look, "I have already had a good breakfast, a substantial luncheon, and a capital dinner; and besides—I beg leave to remind your lordship of what you seem to have completely forgotten—that this is a Fast day!"

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

A FRAGMENT.

The heavy dew of an April morning still lay unexhaled on moorland and meadow, though the sun was already riding high in heaven: the light air came in gusts, fraught with that delicious freshness peculiar to the early spring; every brake and bush teemed with life and motion, the small birds flitted from spray to spray, filling the whole atmosphere with gushes of rejoicing melody, while far above the noisy rooks cawed, and fluttered among the quivering branches, busy in repairing their wind-rocked habitations, for the reception of their callow brood; repairing them perchance to be demolished by the gale, which on the morrow shall cover the green earth with its icy shower, and blight, in its first tender beauty, the budding vegetation of the year. Wild, thoughtless, happy denizens of the free air, we look upon your discordant sports, upon your fruitless labours. We moralize, and almost mourn over the disappointments which must befall you from many a chilling blast, before the season shall realize its promise; and we forget that we, the boasted lords of the creation, the learned, the eloquent, the wise, are hourly "building palaces un mindful of the tomb," that we are eternally forming projects, and lapping our souls in golden dreams, which—however our reason may whisper that they can never come to pass—shall nevertheless sprinkle the flowers of our existence with bitterness and wo, as they melt like the haze of morning before the increasing sunshine of experience. Some such thoughts as these were passing through the mind of a traveller who was already on the road, even at this early hour. He was a man whose days had not passed their prime, although the frequent streaks of white that mingled with the waving curls, which might once have shamed the colour of the raven, and the deep furrows which trenched his broad and massive forehead, might have become one many years his senior; his tall form was knit in the strongest mould compatible with grace, and his features, though obscured by a settled cloud of melancholy, were like the chiselled lineaments of sculptured marble. The broad thick moustache shaded a mouth whose decided curve bespoke unconquered resolution, and the dark gray eye, so passionless, and even so philosophic, in its present expression, had yet a something which taught the beholder that there might be moments when the glare of its wrath would be scarcely less bright, or less blighting, than the electric flash.

His garb, of that fashion which has been rendered immortal by the pencil of Vandyke; costly in its materials, and rich in its almost gloomy colouring, was worn in a manner which, if not actually careless, yet showed that the wearer had long ceased to feel interest in his personal appearance. In marked distinction to this negligence of apparel, the condition and equipments of the noble horse he bestrode, as well as the state of his arms—at that period the mark of gentle blood—showed, that in matters deemed worthy of note, neither care nor cost were spared. A huge greyhound, of the genuine Irish wolf breed, now trotted lazily by the side of the charger, now bounded erect to the stirrup, as if to claim the attention of his moody lord. The path along which he was journeying, at a moderate rate, swept in easy reaches through one of those tracts of forest land, which abound even to the present day (though in small and detached portions) through the northern counties of England. The land lay in broken swells, here studded with huge oaks, whose mossy trunks and gnarled branches, twisting their gray and shrivelled extremities far above the red leaves of the preceding autumn, seemed as if they might have rung to the bugle, or twanged to the bowstring of the Saxon outlaw: and there retiring into thickets, where the varnished holly mingled its never changing hues with the silvery bark of the birch, and the tender verdure of the budding hazel. It was a lovely scene, with all its accompaniments of animated nature. The deer couching in picturesque groups among the tall fern, the rabbit glancing for a moment through the bushes on his way to his neighbouring burrow; the partridge, springing on its startled wing from some sandy bank on which it had been dusting its ruffled feathers in the fullest warmth of the sunshine. All combined to form a sweet though somewhat melancholy picture—melancholy, because it bore the likeness of a district, once reclaimed to the dominion of man, now gradually relapsing into the untamed desolation of the wilderness. The attention of the rider seemed rivetted on the scenery as he proceeded; his eye roved from place to place, as if in search of some familiar object, and ever and anon returned to its gloomy abstraction, unsatisfied, as it were, in its inquiries, and disappointed in its expectations. There was none, however, of that bitter impatience which the young and sanguine feel when frustrated in the pursuit of expected pleasure, to be traced in the grave features and placid eye of the stranger. His thoughts seemed rather to partake of that stern and cold sorrow with which men are apt to meet a long-anticipated calamity, when they have steeled their hearts for its encounter; and feel, perhaps, even mingled with the very pain, a strange sensation of pleasure at the realization of true though gloomy forebodings.

A stranger, banished for years from the land of his birth; a wanderer, round half the sea-girt ball; a soldier of fortune, wielding that sword under the banners of a foreign power, which political and domestic discords forbade to strike in the cause of his own country; a son, estranged from his father by the cursed excitement of civil dissension; a lover, forsaken and abandoned by the woman he adored; with a broken heart, but undaunted spirit, he was now returning, after long and lonely wanderings, in calm and philosophical sorrow, to the home which he had left, in the fiery indignation of aspiring boyhood. Francis Audeley, the son of a true-blue cavalier, had been among the earliest patriots, who had seen into the grasping policy, by which the first Charles was striking to base an absolute autocracy on the ruins of an overthrown constitution. With Audeley, to perceive injustice and tyranny, was to hate—to hate, not silently, or in the recesses of his own bosom, but in the free light of heaven. He resisted—constitutionally resisted—the encroachments of that short-sighted ambition, which so soon brought down the diadem to the block, and which has led after ages—so strange and unaccountable are the sympathies of mankind—to consider a false and selfish despot, in the light of a pious and unoffending martyr. The same crown of martyrdom would have rewarded Audeley the same; and can it be that even death can assimilate a Hampden, a Sydney, or a Russell, to the tyrant who has undergone, for his crimes or his folly, what they might have encountered in the holiest cause which can inspire the eloquence of the orator, or nerve the warrior's arm—the cause of liberty. In her cause would Audeley have fallen, had he not by a timely flight escaped from the tender mercies of the star chamber, and the procession and pomp of Tower Hill. A fishing boat conveyed him across the channel, but not before he had

received the tidings—as if it were not enough of calamity, to be hunted like a felon from the country he would have died to save—that he was disowned by the father of his youth, abandoned and forgotten by the betrothed of his affections. Years had passed away—flying with the speed of the hurricane, or lagging with the pace of the tortoise—still they had passed away. The free hearts of England had shaken off one oppressor, had striven through years of slaughter to regain their freedom, merely that when gained, it might be again surrendered to another despot; had changed a king for a protector, and a protector again for a king. The son of the martyr was again in the high place of his ancestors, filling the halls—which had been flooded by the gore of the faithful followers of his race, ay! of his own sire; the halls, which had since witnessed the unexampled rise, and enlightened policy, the hypocrisy or the enthusiasm, of earth's mightiest usurper—with unblushing riot and more than Babylonian debauchery.

Years had passed away since the nocturnal flight of Audeley,—yet no tidings of his adventures, or even of his existence had transpired,—his very memory had perished,—and now, spared by the tempests of the deep,—escaped from the stake and the scolding knife of the savage,—unscathed by the lightnings of the tropical tornado, and unwounded by the yet deadlier bolt of war's artillery. The wanderer stood again on his native earth, viewed again the green hills and beautiful haunts of his childhood, journeyed again to his paternal roof, with scarce an expectation of finding a hand to greet, an eye to recognise, or a heart to welcome the wanderer, long-lost and now returned, him who had been as it were dead, and lo! he is again alive. As mile after mile of his journey receded behind him, his features gradually lost their composure, in an impatient and excited expression, and his eye became anxious. At length, when the last hill alone was interposed between him and the place of his birth; the hill, from whose summit the scenes of his young exploits, his early loves, his long-lost happiness, were about to be spread before his gaze, yielding to the torrent of his feelings, he stirred his charger with the spur, and dashed up the long and broken ascent, now plunging through mire fetlock-deep, now striking dust and flame from the bare rock, as madly as though the avenger of blood were on his track. The top was gained, and beneath him lay stretched in far perspective the lovely vale, with the thousand windings of its broad river, here glancing like silver to the morning sun, there creeping away in silent ripples under the shadow of bank and thicket. Cold must be the feelings, or heavy the heart of him who would not linger and turn again to gaze on so fair a valley, bounded by the heath-clad hill and blue mountain, rich in the luxuriance of corn-field and pasture, embosomed with dark tracts of woodland, and broken by coppice-like hedgerows, whilst here and there the castellated dwellings of many a noble baron frowned from some bolder height, or the Gothic arches of monastic pile, or lowly hermitage, peeped forth from the dense foliage of embowering glade, or sunny upland. Cold must be the heart, even of a stranger, who could gaze on such a scene, without feeling his bosom glow with love towards his kind, and gratitude to the Creator and giver of every good and perfect gift. What then must have been the feelings of Francis Audeley as he gazed over that familiar landscape, unchanged and lovely still, when all but the face of nature was changed and gloomy; he saw beneath him the woods which had rung a thousand times to his joyous shout; the creeks and eddies of the stream where he had minicked, in boyish sport, the voyages of the olden time; the lanes, where he had wandered many a moonlight eve, and whispered his ardent pleadings of love, to one, now the willing bride of another; or perhaps removed even farther from his reach, in the silent and shadowy regions of the grave. His heart rose into his throat, he struggled for breath, as he checked his panting courser on the brow; the memory of past hopes and joys crowded on his brain, faster even than the images of the gorgeous view thronged on his eye:—where was the spirit that could quail to no earthly calamity now; where now the stubborn resolution, which had looked unmoved on the faggot and tortures of the Indian; where now the boasted stoicism which had borne its discipline through danger, pain, and sorrow, tearless and unflinching! The indignation of the exile, the pride of the soldier, the coldness of the philosopher, had vanished in an instant, absorbed in the mightier emotions of nature: a fleeting moment had changed the crafty politician, the deeply-read student, the universal traveller, the citizen of the world, into a mere man, as subject to his passions, as susceptible to his affections, as simple-hearted in his emotions, as the child who pours forth his first sobs and lamentation on the bosom of its mother. Francis Audeley wept,—he sat immovable with the large tears coursing one another down his cheeks, unwet for years by such a visitation, while the large greyhound gazed with an almost human expression of intelligence at the unwonted workings of his master's countenance; till at last, whether in weariness of the protracted halt, or in sympathy with feelings beyond the scope of his instinct, he sprang almost to the face of the rider, with a cry between a howl and a bark, and, darting down the hill, disappeared among the shrubs which clothed its rugged sides. Roused from his reverie by the clamour of the hound, Audeley dashed the tear-drop from his eye, mastered the swellings of his heart, and pursued his path as stately and collected, as if he had never yielded the government of his soul to the violence of overwhelming passion. Another mile placed him before the entrance of his paternal domain. A towered gate-house, with large wickets of ornamental iron work, had formerly given access to the wide chase which surrounded the mansion,—but now all was changed,—the stained glass which had adorned the narrow casements was gone, the shattered frames flapped and creaked in every blast; the battlements had been hurled to the ground, and a part of the solid masonry had yielded as it seemed to violence. Of two vast oaks, which had formerly spread their gigantic arms on either side of the entrance, one had been hewn from its very roots, while the rugged bark and splintered limbs of the other seemed to have suffered from a storm more fatal than that of the elements; the portal was obstructed only by a slight and marvellous hurdle of saplings from the forest, while the tall rank verdure had shot aloft from every crevice of the pavement within, and had even partially pushed the broad flagstones from their ancient foundations; within the grounds the scenes were as if possible yet more dismal, the once trim ride through embowering plantations, now covered with dark moss, and overflowed by every rill which had long since deviated from its choked canal, showed no vestige of wheel or horse-track; the woodland unthinned, and neglected,—the trunks mouldering on the spot where they had fallen,—the very tameness of the beasts of chase, which had hardly moved aside before the horse of the wanderer,—bespoke in audible language the absence of the careful hand of man. By and bye the road emerged into the open lawn, whose carpet had been as soft and smooth as the velvets of Genoa, now broken up, heaped with rubbish, flourishing with the rank vegetation of years; and to crown the whole, the castle, the birth-place of every Audeley since the conquest of the Norman William, the boasted inheritance of warriors and statesmen, the proud domain of a line which yielded not in pride or power to England's noblest, stood a shivered pile of blackening and dismantled ruin. There needed no historian to tell the soldier, by what fell agency such desolation had been wrought; the

mighty sons of the forest which had stood unharmed for ages, felled from their stations,—lest they should shield a foe from the iron shower,—the pierced and battered walls,—the ground yet torn and channelled by shell or shot,—all marked the unrelenting hand of war. Words could not have spoken more plainly to the mind of Audeley,—his father had defended his dwelling against the iron sides of Oliver,—defended it for the thankless tyrant, who had set a price on the head of his son; defended it, but to perish with the honoured habitation of his race, amidst the downfall of the cause he had espoused. He stood a few moments in silence: bound his horse to a solitary tree, which had survived the wreck of its prostrate brethren, and passed under a yawning archway into the scathed and roofless halls. The ruin was complete, not a staircase or a ceiling had escaped, not a painted wall, not a fretted cornice remained to tell the visiter its tale of former magnificence. Even the eye of Audeley could scarcely define the sites, or his memory distinguish the separate apartments, once so familiar. He sat down for a while on the base of a fallen pillar, and covering his face with his hands, mused deeply; ere long however, he was roused by a sudden and violent rustling from the dense thicket which had encroached upon the precincts of the building; he rose to his feet, his hand glanced instinctively downward to the hilt of his rapier, and an inch or two of the polished blade was already flashing from the scabbard, when a noble buck, bursting from the branches of the shrubbery, darted through a breach in the walls, and bounded as if in mortal terror, across the deserted halls before the very face of their master. The gallant animal had already traversed the court, another instant would have seen him flying over the open lawn, when suddenly he sprang high into the air with all his feet, and pitching forwards, ploughed the soil with his branching antlers,—rolled over and over from the speed of his previous career, even after life had left the graceful limbs, and before the close report of fire-arms had announced the cause, was already lifeless. The whole scene did not occupy the time consumed in the recital. Audeley had not moved, scarcely even thought, before the deer had fallen by the aim of his unseen destroyer; he was still gazing, hardly conscious of what had passed, when the hunter made his appearance through the same portal to which the deer was bounding when arrested by the fatal bullet.

He was a man over whose head some eighty winters had shed their snows, without impairing the activity of his frame, or dimming the sight of his eye. His form was of the largest proportions usually attained by the human race, and though somewhat bowed by years, which had bent without unbending his firm nerves, manifested the possession of vast strength; his face burnt almost to Indian redness by exposure to all weathers,—his long gray hair falling down his bare neck in loose masses, mingled with shaggy moustaches of the same colour,—his dress of forest green furred at the cape and cuffs, the bugle at his neck, the buskins of undressed leather, and the short carbine just discharged in his hand, proclaimed him the park-keeper of some noble proprietor. Francis Audeley required no second glance to discover the form and countenance of an ancient vassal of his father; the man who had, in his earliest boyhood, initiated him into all the mysteries of wood and river, who had taught him to shoot, with that unerring certainty of aim which had more than once preserved his life among the swamps and forests of Virginia; who would have followed him through all the vicissitudes of his perilous wanderings, had he not himself refused to remove the woodsman, even at that period far advanced in his pilgrimage, from the place of his birth. His first sensation was pure and unmixed astonishment at the sight of one still alive, whom he had left so many years before, older even at that time than the usual course of mortal life; whom he had long thought of but as one whom he should never again behold on this side the bourne from which no mortal traveller returns; his second was joy to find that time and war had spared one familiar face, one friendly bosom; full of this feeling he had already made a step or two forward,—when the idea crossed his mind that he might obtain fuller tidings of past events by a short concealment than he could hope to derive from the strong emotions which he well knew the announcement of his name must awaken in the breast of so old and devoted a follower.

"A fortunate chance, my friend," he said, advancing from the ruins which had hitherto concealed him, "a fortunate chance, and a quick shot." The old man raised his eyes from the game about which he had been occupied, and, after a quiet but keen glance at the speaker, slightly moved his bonnet as he replied, "Ay! sir, ay! tis well enough after fourscore years of toil and sorrow,—but we must not murmur;" then after a short pause, "that will be your tall war horse on the lawn, I'm thinking; I was coming this way to look after his owner, when that fellow,"—giving the carcass a shove with his foot,—"crossed me, though what can have set the brute on the leap this fine morning is past me. You'll not be from these parts, sir, I reckon?"

"A stranger from beyond the sea," was the calm reply, "an old friend of Sir Henry Audeley, and now a visiter to his mansion, which I find thus; do I speak to his forester,—can you inform me of Sir Henry?"

"No farther than all around you can; Sir Henry and Sir Henry's house fell together; and a happy man I hold him so to have died, with his face towards his enemies, and his good sword in his hand, rather than to have rotted in a gaol, or perished on a scaffold, like so many of his friends before him. I knew it," he continued, in a half musing tone. "I knew it; when he drove his son from his door, no good could come of it;"—suddenly his eye lightened as the train of his thoughts led him to a fresh idea. "You said you were from beyond the sea—in what countries have you journeyed that you know nothing of all this? It should have made a noise in Europe."

The intelligence was no shock to Audeley; his heart was already hardened, his understanding convinced, and almost reconciled. Moreover, according to the notions prevalent in that age, it was held a natural, perhaps almost a desirable end, to a life of activity and honor, if the warrior, with his years and glory ripe about him, looked proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame. It was, therefore, with an unfaltering voice, and a composed though saddened spirit, that he proceeded on his mournful inquiries. "My wanderings," he said, "have led me across the wide Atlantic. I have been a sojourner for years in the new world that is rising by the exertions of strong hands, and free hearts—hearts that will brook no tyranny of either king or kaiser, beyond the western ocean. But, I pray you, tell me—what said you of Francis Audeley, he was a boy when I went hence—what of him?"

"Your wanderings have truly been long, one-and-twenty years have passed since Master Francis, as we called him—a brave boy and a fair, and not such a shot within the four seas of Britain—stood against the king in parliament, and was forced to fly to save his head. The old man would not hear his name for many a day, but he lived to rue it—he lived to rue it."

"And you have heard no tidings of him since?" asked Audeley.

"None certain; a report there was, some six years after he left us, that a young Englishman, of his name, got thanked for conduct, by the great French general, in Germany, Turenne they called him; and then we heard that he had fallen before Prague, and Sir Henry believed it, and sorely he mourned for the

dead son he had persecuted while alive; and then, long after—after Cromwell had burnt the castle, and the family was scattered—one said that he had met him in some far country; and I don't know, but I do think that I lived on, through rough weather and bloody days, to see my young master once again before I die—heaven grant I may! heaven grant,—he was interrupted by a fresh stir in the brake from whence the buck had started. Audeley's large hound, with his nose to the ground, and his stern waving high in air, dashed into the open space on the scene of the dead buck, came up to his prey, snuffed the hot blood, and rolled himself over and over on the carcass, heedless of the bystanders. The old man's eye, which had at first looked menacingly towards the intruder on his demesne, gradually lost its fierceness in admiration at the beauty of the noble hound, and at length seemed fixed in wonder.

"It is the old breed," he cried at length, "and a matchless hound he is—Old Talbot every inch of him—but where the d—l does he come from?"

"He left me some two hours since," said Audeley, carelessly, "and he has crossed the scent in seeking me; I trust no harm is done,—the hound is mine."

"Yours! where got you him—say—speak—there are none other of the race in England! He must be descended from Old Talbot's stock—where got you him?" The hard features of the old forester worked violently;—suddenly a flash of recollection gleamed across his features,—“Oh God,” he cried, “my master, my master,”—he threw himself at his feet, clasped his knees, and sobbed aloud—not an instant, however, was he in that position, ere Audeley had raised and claspd him to his bosom, and mingled his tears with those of his servant and friend. “My dear, dear master,—happy days are come again. The estates are yours—Old Oliver, heaven bless him, preserved them for you—and you will rebuild the old hall, and marry Lady Helen.”

"Marry who—marry the wife of Stephen Hertford? Old man, your joy has made you mad."

"No wife," returned the other, "no widow, but your own betrothed and faithful!"

"Where—where?—I charge you on your allegiance—on your life,—unless you would see me a maniac before your face, say where," gasped Audeley, excited beyond all thought of philosophy, of pride, of aught, except all-powerful, all-engrossing love—love never forgotten—cherished amidst the wild deserts of the west—knit to his very life in the fierce struggles of European warfare—discouraged, hopeless, yet ever present—ever omnipotent love.

"When the castle was burnt, we fitted up the lodge for her as best might, and there!"

"No more, if you love me,—lead on and that quickly."

The casements were set wide open to admit the first balmy breathings of the spring,—the matted creepers, which every where curled around the stone work with their fresh green leaves, quivered in the light air, and seemed to murmur their anticipations of sunshine and summer, and increasing beauty. The same breeze fluttered among the ringlets, and soothed the languid form, of one, who looked forth on the genial morning from her fevered couch, with prospects, alas! how different! She saw the face of nature gay with the earliest blush of vegetation,—she noticed the promise of the budding shrubs—of the bursting flowers—of the new-born animals—of the myriad tribes of winged life, called forth to activity by the unwonted softness of the season. She saw that they were fair and happy,—she knew that to these all present joys were but a foretaste of a fuller maturity,—that the swelling leaves would spread into the rich garment of the woodland, that the blossoms would fill the universal air with loveliness and perfume, that the insects would bask and glitter in the warmer noon, that the beasts of the field or the forest would grow in strength, and vigor, and grace,—that the great sun himself would mellow into more perfect day. And while these inanimate, or soulless things are drinking health and happiness from the growing year, is not the light already fluttering in her lamp on the verge of extinction! Will her brow be fairer, her bloom more transparent, as the days and months roll onwards? Alas! the brown tresses—here and there tinged with a paler hue,—the sunken yet still beautiful features, the complexion too fair for health, and then, that ominous bloom, that

"—hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal, leaf-like red."

spoke but too audibly the doom. The summer may warm the soil,—the birds may carol, as love or joy inspires them,—the herbs may shake their thousand odours to the air—but the sun will shine, the birds will sing, and the grass grow, above the fair bosom, now vibrating to the high passions, the warm affections, the sublime devotions, which can at moments raise the children of earth so near to heaven. In past years the world held not a happier heart than that which beat within the breast of Helen Arnold. The liveliest smile,—the readiest tear,—the soul speaking from the eye even sooner than from the tongue,—the candour which thinks no ill of others, dreads none for self,—the pure love, reposed on an honoured and honourable object,—happy in requited affections and in the long perspective of golden hopes,—had all been Helen's. She lived too long; she saw

"—rich dream by dream decay,—

All the bright rose leaves drop from life away."

She lived to see all friends vanish; some false, some fled, many fallen, on the bloody field or bloodier scaffold. She lived to know that he, to whom she had surrendered her virgin affections,—for whom she had kept a widowed heart—who had been severed from her, with a broken spirit amidst vows of endless attachment,—had forgotten,—forsaken her.

His last interview was all passion and despair; yet twenty long summers, twenty dreary winters had passed away without a line—a token—a message! Her earthly trials were near their term—yet a few more weeks or days of pain and sorrow, and the wicked will have ceased from troubling, the weary will be at rest.

A hasty step startled her,—a low tap at the door—it was opened almost before her voice had given permission,—and in the full sunshine stood the tall form of Audeley. She gazed long and wildly on his noble lineaments. "Have you too forgotten me, cousin Helen?" "Oh, God!—It is—it is himself!" She rose to throw herself upon his bosom,—her limbs trembled,—the room reeled around her,—her eyes were darkened. The revulsion of her feelings had overpowered her frail nerves, and enfeebled constitution—

A few hours later, in the same apartment, on the same cushioned sofa, the windows closed against the damps of evening, a bright log crackling and sparkling on the hearth; lay Helen Arnold—listening in breathless attention to the deep tones of him, she loved more than all the world beside. "Tell me," she said, "Audeley,—tell me of your wanderings, and your wars; of your perils, your sorrows, your joys; you say you have fought in the sanguinary struggle of German warfare, and wandered for years among the savage scenes of America. But why have you never written, never suffered us to know that you were

on earth? I will not blame you, Francis,—why should I? Why should I stain the few hours, that are left to me, with grief or lamentation? But was it not cruel, to leave us to our lonely affliction, deprived even of the last wretched consolation, the knowledge that you were in life—in health—in honour?"

"To what end," he replied, "should I have written? What would it have availed to pour forth the yearnings of my spirit to the cold-hearted, or, as I then deemed, to the indifferent—nay, had I written, who would have cared to read the sorrows of an exiled, a dishonoured traitor?"

"You had a father, Audeley,—a father who loved you even in his anger. You had friends as firm and faithful as man ever numbered. You had!"

"All these," he broke in, "all these, and more—a father who disowned me, and discarded! Friends who in need and danger deserted the cause of him whom they had followed in peace and prosperity! And forgive me, Helen, forgive me that I believed the hateful lie—a mistress—whom I adored as man never did,—for whose pleasure I would have sacrificed all here, and all hereafter,—who had forgotten her plighted faith, and withdrawn from me the sweet possession of hope, the only hope which could convert the world's cold wilderness to a garden of celestial bliss! I have sought—I have prayed for—I have courted death,—in all shapes the most abhorred of men; in the field, and on the flood—in pestilence that walks in darkness—in famine that smites at noonday—and in each and all has your form been before my eyes—your voice sounded in my brain. I have battled with my spirit. I have striven to wrest the weakness from my soul, but it would not be. The bullet has whistled by me, harmless—the sword, merciless to those who wished for life, has spared me. I have reared a colony in the wilderness,—a colony that shall one day shame earth's mightiest kingdoms; I have been beleaguered in my log-built fortifications, with the yell of the bloodthirsty savage howling in my ears; I have seen my comrades perish in the protracted torrents of heathenish barbarity; I have seen the strong man reduced to the helplessness of the weanling infant, by hunger and despair. Yet I faltered not,—for that which was despair to them had been a boon to me! I have borne all this—I have returned to look once more in cheerless sorrow on the hearth of my fathers, and the home of my childhood. Hope was dead within me—the spark has been quickened—quickened, but to be quenched forever. I believed you the bride of another—I heard that you were my own—through neglect, and sorrow, and desertion—my own true Helen! I flew to find you, and I have found you thus—Oh God! oh God! I have found you dearer, truer, more adorable than ever, languishing by my unkindness, murdered by my cruelty—Oh, fool! fool! weak, miserable, accursed fool."

The eyes of Helen Arnold gleamed with a wild and unnatural brightness,—her pale cheek burned,—her heart throbbed so fiercely that her whole frame, and even the couch which supported her, was shaken by its palpitations. Her voice, lately so weak and faltering, was clear and musical, as if decay had not consumed her organs.

"Mourn not for me, my beloved," she said, "I am happy! Oh how happy! Hope has ever been my refuge and support; even the hope of seeing you once again, the same noble, glorious being, who gained my girlish love. Happy should I have been to have seen you thus, even had your heart and your hand been another's. What then must be my rapture to find you still my own, own Audeley. Tested by all trials which most search the heart; sorrow, absence, time, even fancied desertion! Tried! and how proudly triumphant! Proved, and how much ennobled by the proof! I have loved you ever in spirit and in truth,—but never, Audeley, never, as I adore you now! Then mourn not for me, my beloved—I am going whither there are no more tears,—no more sorrow. If I have suffered here, I feel that my reward is to come. If I die, I know that my Redeemer liveth. We have loved much, and will not much be forgiven to us! We are parting, love, yet not parting; for what can separate the immortal! We are changing time for eternity: we are leaving all that is low, and base, and earthly in our nature, to live for ever in light, and love, and incorruption. If we have loved much on earth, how much more shall we love in heaven."

She fell on his neck! her limbs were agitated for a moment, as if by an earthquake!—One long, long kiss!

"Groaning he clasped her close, and in that act
And agony, her happy spirit fled."

It had been a fearful night on the deep. The sun was just struggling upwards through a bank of dense and murky vapour, while overhead the rack drove land-ward under the frantic guidance of the tempest. The huge waves rolled on in unbroken ridges towards the iron-bound coast of Ireland, with the fury derived from the swell of the boundless Atlantic. An inaccessible promontory of shivered granite towered, hundreds of feet, above the strip of sand, on which the surf thundered with a roar, that echoed leagues inland, mingled with the rocking blast, which wailed as if in mockery over the gallant hearts it had consigned to destruction.

The narrow verge between the precipice, and the stormy ocean, was strewn with shattered planks and cordage, broken yards and sails,—never again to swell with the breeze. Cast high and dry by some mighty billow, beyond the reach of its successors, lay a single body; a large dog couched beside it, now licking the cold face and hands, that had so often fed him, with a low wailing cry,—and now springing forward with a fierce bark, as the great gulls swept so low as almost to brush with their wings the face of his beloved master. The body was stretched on its back, with the feet to the waves, and the face to the frowning heavens; one hand lay on the bosom, a lock of dark brown hair, here and there tinged with a paler hue, twined among his cold fingers; the other clutched, in the last unconscious effort of the death-struggle, that weapon it had wielded in life, so gloriously and well. It was the body of Francis Audeley. He had gone forth on his return to those western solitudes, less lonely now, than the land of his birth—he had gone forth to perish.

"Tis well! their fate is bliss—far sweeter
That both should die, than one remain
To mourn—a solitary creature,
Through wearying, wasting years, in vain."

W.

THE MOUNTEBANK DOCTOR.

"A think a see him noo," as Mathew's old Scotch-woman says. He was a tall, spare man, punctiliously dressed in black, with, of course, diamond shoe and knee buckles, a brilliant handled sword by his side, long lace ruffles to his wrists, his fingers covered with rings, a profusion of frill forming a cataract of lace and cambric from his neck to his waist; while his satin waistcoat was only fastened with one button, that it might be displayed to advantage: his hair frizzed out on both sides of his head to the greatest possible extent, and surmounted by a small three-cornered hat; an immense silk bag, supposed to contain his long hair, but really, as in the present court dress, only fastened to the

collar of his coat. Add to all these attractions a face well rouged, and an immense gold-headed cane, and you have a perfect picture of the doctor of the last century.

The polished gentleman was accompanied by his servant—his Jack Pudding—exactly in dress, manners, and language, the clown at a circus. His business was to lay plans for jokes, which, of course, had been arranged beforehand with his master, and which were not always the most decent, but which never failed to raise a loud laugh among the clowns who composed the audience. The Doctor exhibited a few of the common conjurer tricks with the pulse-glass, the air pumps, &c., and then proceeded to business. For all the ailments that man or woman ever felt or fancied, he had infallible remedies,—consumption, king's evil, gout, rheumatism, lumbago, jaundice, bile (or as he pleased to call it, the boils,) and a thousand others were easily conquered; and I remember often hearing him lament that there was nobody *ill enough* to afford scope for the full power of his art. "Thirty-five did I cure of the most inveterate jaundice in the town of Birmingham, where I stayed only two days."

"A lie," said the Clown, (or Merry Andrew, as he was called, putting his hand to the side of his mouth, and affecting to speak to the mob in a stage whisper,) "A lie," said he, "there were only twenty-nine."

"Seven did I cure in the little village of Brently, where I only stopped to bait my horses half an hour—"

"Another lie," said the Merry Andrew, "there were only eight, and one of them was beginning to get better."

Thus did he go on through all the ills that flesh is heir to, sometimes condescending to give details of the most terrific cases, when, having worked up his audience to breathless horror at the sufferings he described, he would exclaim, "Now who would be such a fool as to run the risk of all this, when by spending three and sixpence for this little bottle of 'Preservative Elixir of Life,' he can be sure of escaping it forever,"—and he held up one of the bottles with which his table was covered.

After some story of unusual pathos, I recollect seeing people tumble up the steps by half dozens to possess themselves of the treasure, and put down their money with the greatest alacrity and satisfaction,—and many of the better classes, who in their sober moments ridiculed the folly of others who put faith in a mountebank, carried away by the enthusiasm of the orator, pushed forward to partake the blessings, or sent others for a large supply to distribute among the deserving poor. If the quack had been more than usually successful, he would generously give a supper to a select number of the farmers and principal tradesmen of the town; and when (as a matter of course) they were all thoroughly drunk, he generally contrived to make them disburse such a sum for "stuff" as abundantly covered the expenses of the entertainment. The bandying of jokes between the Merry Andrew and the crowd formed a large part of the fun. Sometimes the doctor would affect ignorance of an obvious deception, and let the clumsy clowns enjoy a temporary triumph, when he would make the man a present of a bottle of his Preservative Elixir, saying that it would be a pity such a clever fellow should ever be ill; but he generally contrived to have his revenge before the termination of the day's proceedings.

On one occasion, a gr-at gawky lumbering clodhopper thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the Doctor. He mounted the stage and on being questioned as to his disorder, said, very gravely, "Why, I'm a liar."—"Sad disorder, Sir, but perfectly curable," said the Doctor. "Well, but (said the man), I've a worse than that, I've lost my memory."—"Quite curable also," added the Doctor, "but I must make my preparations. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you; but pay down five shillings."

The man, who had intended to have his fun gratis, resisted, but the Doctor declared he never let any one down from the stage till he had paid something. "Besides (said the Doctor), how can I trust you; you say you are a liar, and have no memory; so you will either break your promise or forget all about it."

A loud laugh from the crowd expressed their acquiescence in the justice of the claim, and the poor devil, *volens nolens*, was compelled to lay down the cash. No one supposed he would come again, but the fool still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour.

The Doc received him with great gravity, and addressing the audience, said, "Gentlemen may think it a joke, but I assure them on the honour of a gentleman, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money, if the bystanders do not acknowledge the cure, and I am fairly entitled to the reward." The man sat down—was furnished with a glass of water—the Doctor produced a box of flattened black pills; and to show that they were perfectly innocent, affected to swallow three or four himself. He then gave one to the man, who after many wry faces, *bit into it*—started up, spitting and sputtering, and exclaimed, "Why, hang me, if it isn't cobbler's wax!" Yes, it is true that the Doctor had procured his pills at a neighbouring cobbler's stall!

"There," said the Doctor, lifting up both hands, "Did anybody ever witness so sudden, so miraculous a recovery? He's evidently cured of lying, for he has told truth instantly; and as to the memory! my good fellow, said he, (patting him on the back,) if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return you the money."

England Sixty Year's Ago.

THE LAST OF THE HOHENSTAUFFENS.

On the twenty-ninth of October, one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight, two months after the battle of Scurcola, the condemned were led to the place of execution, where the headsman awaited them with bare feet, and sleeves folded upwards. When King Charles occupied a place of honour, as it was called, in the window of a neighbouring castle, Robert of Bari, that unjust judge, addressed the multitude in compliance with the will of the king. "Ye men assembled here! This Conradin, the son of Conrad, hath come from Germany—a seducer of his people, a reaper of foreign crops—waging an unjust war against legitimate rulers. At first he was victorious by chance, but afterwards by the valour of our monarch the conqueror was overcome; and he who held himself unshackled by any law, is now led in bonds before the tribunal of that king, whom he endeavoured to destroy. Therefore by permission of the clergy, and by the advice of wise men and lawyers, sentence of death is pronounced on him and his accomplices, as robbers, mutineers, and traitors; and to prevent further danger, his doom will be performed without delay, before the eyes of all." When the multitude heard this sentence, all was astonished and a stifled murmur arose, testifying the emotion of their minds. But the influence of fear prevailed. Count Robert of Flanders alone, the king's son-in-law, a noble and handsome man, sprang on his feet, giving scope to his just anger, and spoke to Robert of Bari: "How darest thou, unjust and overbearing villain, to doom so great and glorious a knight to death?" and at the same time he smote him with his sword, so that he was borne away lifeless. Charles was compelled to restrain his anger, for he perceived that his knights approved of the count's action: but the doom remained unaltered.

"Hereupon Conradin begged yet once more to be permitted to speak, and

said with great calmness: 'In the sight of God, I have deserved death, as a sinner; but here I am condemned unjustly. I ask all the trusty subjects, for whose welfare my ancestors have toiled with parental care—I ask all heads and princes of this earth—is he guilty who defends his own and his people's rights? Moreover if I were guilty, how dare they punish the innocent, who bound in service to no other power, have adhered to me from praiseworthy fidelity?' These words excited much emotion, but no action; and he, whose emotion could alone produce results, not only remained deaf to the calls of justice, but was hardened against the pity which was excited in all around by the rank, youth, and beauty of the condemned. Then Conradin threw his glove down from the scaffold, in order that it might be brought to King Peter of Aragon, as a token that he transferred to him his rights on Apulia and Sicily. The glove was taken up, and the prince's last wish fulfilled, by Truhsess, a knight of Walburg. The prince now dismissing all hopes of a change in his unjust sentence, embraced his companions in death, especially Frederick of Austria, threw off his upper garment, and stretching out his hands to heaven said, 'Jesus Christ, Lord of honour, if this chalice is not to pass away from me, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Then he knelt down, but raising himself once again, he cried out, 'O my mother, what grief am I preparing to thee!' Then he received the death blow; and Frederick of Austria cried out so loudly in unmeasurable grief, as he saw his friend's head fall, that all wept.

Raumer's History of the Hohenstauffens.

CONRADIN, THE LAST OF THE HOHENSTAUFFENS.

A hum of gathering multitudes—a crash
Of martial music, and the sun-bright flash
Of knightly arms, pennon, and plume, and spear—
High-crested barons, and the proud career
Of chargers, to the trumpets thrilling blast
Tossing their necks of thunder—slowly passed
Along the strand,—along thy gorgeous strand,
Sweet Naples! Queen of that enchanted land,
Whose gales with melody and perfume rife
Can wake the dying wretch to health and life;
Whose myrtle groves and shades of deathless bay
Inspire the minstrel, and reward the lay:
Whose tideless seas in azure calmness lie
Fraught with the glories of their kindred sky;
Earth, ocean, air, Love's universal shrine
Steeping the soul in ecstasy divine.

A warrior passed—to die!—a knight had met
His latest foe!—a prince's sun was set!—
And never kinglier spirit, soul more high
Curled on the lip, or lightened from the eye,
Than thine, Young Conradin. Not on the day
When first he donned the pomp of war's array,—
Not, when his scattered foes before him driven
Shouting his war cry to the winds of heaven
He charged triumphant,—was the victor seen
Of haughtier port, of bearing more serene.
Dauntless and passionless he rode along,
Threading the mazes of that coward throng
Which cringed and wept around the tyrant's rein,
With the calm smile of pity's cold disdain,
That they, the children of the immortal dead
Who erst for Rome's three hundred triumphs bled,
Should see their monarch by a felon's doom
Led unavenged to an unhallowed tomb.

And lo! the scaffold frowning o'er the flood—
The sable priest—the minister of blood
Bare armed—bare headed—in his ruffian hand
Poising on high the ignominious brand!
Aghast the crowd recoiled,—a stifled groan
Of thousands—dying freedom's latest tone—
A whisper—and deep silence! Can it be
That men—Italians—offspring of the free—
Will tamely stand to see their king struck down
By a slave's weapon, at a tyrant's frown!
Unmoved stood Conradin—unmoved and grave—
While the crowd heaved around him, like the wave
Which rocks, and shudders, to the gale's first sigh,
When night-dews fall, and stars are in the sky;
The mellow radiance of the southern glow
Streamed like a glory o'er his noble brow
Wrapped his proud features in a veil of light,
Soon to be quenched in cold obstruction's night;
Flashed on the mirror of his cloudless eye,
And tinged his cheek with summer's golden die.
A haughtier, fiercer flash of angry scorn
From every speaking lineament was born,
As rose that dastard judge, that slave of time,
Scorned by the tyrant lord who paid his crime,
Loathed by the good, and hated by the bold,
Proud without rank, whose very thoughts were sold,
Robert de Bari—"Men of Naples, hear—
And knights of France—prince—paladin and peer—
The rebel lord—the traitor—king disowned—
The vanquished victor—by his realm disowned—
False knight—who o'er his bleeding country poured
The savage thousands of his northern horde—
Burner of churches—with the accursed brand,
Reaping the harvests of a foreign land,—
He that would sweep with war's unchristian sway
All lawful rule from his ambitious way,—
Captive before the king he would have slain,—
Finds for his throne a block—his robes a chain!
This day, this hour—before a nation's eye
The son of Conrad, Conradin shall die!
His knightly shield reversed—his falchion broken!—
Slave, to thy deed of death—his doom is spoken."

Scarcely had he said, when with the startling clang
Of iron harness, from his charger sprang
The Count of Flanders, he whose single might
Had turned the tide of many a wavering fight,—

In kingly halls the court's unrivalled star—
In judgment trae.—a thunderbolt in war :
"Darest thou," he cried, and every heart beat high,
As though some warlike trumpet flourished nigh ;
"Darest thou," he cried, "Thou base and sordid thing
Which men forbear to crush, who feel thy sting—
Darest thou cut short a warrior's glorious race ?
A spotless knight condemn to foul disgrace ?
Thine be the infamy, as thine shall be
The death, more dreadful to such slaves as thee !
Fall in thy treason, traitor !" As he spoke
Forth from the scabbard, like a sunbeam broke
The avenging blade.—One instant, to the sky
Stainless it flashed—another, and the die
Of life's dark flood had dimmed its shine in gore,—
Its shine, ne'er stained by coward's blood before.

Unmoved stood Conradin,—hope's flattering ray
Gleamed not to shake his spirit's chargeless sway.
He knew the tyrant's impotence of hate,
But trembled not. He knew that all too late
The chord was struck, to wake a kindred tone
In hearts debased by an usurper's throne.
He knew that life's career of pride was o'er,
All save the latest struggle on her shore.
Hope—glory—love—ambition—country—gone,
Where kings derive no lustre from their crown.—
Calmly he gazed, where stretched before him lay
The enchanting circle of earth's brightest bay,—
Portici's groves of verdure,—Caprea's pile
Of shivered rocks, the Roman's lonely isle,—
Castellamare,—and the eternal height
Of dark Vesuvius frowning on the sight,—
The liquid depths of the unfathomed air—
The billows sparkling to the noontide glare,—
The quiet mountains, and the vine-clad plain,—
The thousand snowy sails that gemmed the main,—
Gleamed on his soul in nature's fairest guise,
With song, and sunshine, and the unearthly dies
Of southern summer ;—the Sirocco's gale,
Ruffling the deep, and murmuring in the vale,
Poured o'er his brow its last, its freshest dew.—
Greener the woodlands shone, the skies more blue,—
Sweeter the songs,—more beautiful the shore,—
Lovelier his kingdom showed, though loved before.
Oft had he watched, beneath the silvery moon,
Or the parched stillness of Italian noon,
The varying splendors of that earthly heaven—
Foretaste of Paradise to mortals given ;—
Yet never had he felt so softly calm
Its voice of melody, its breath of balm—
Never so fair and glorious—as when now
He viewed—to view no more—his country's glow.
Forward he strode, he raised his soul on high
To meet his God beyond the boundless sky.
"LORD of all flesh, before THY throne I stand
Condemned,—for who shall meet the avenging hand
Of the ETERNAL, self-absolved, and strong
In the all-righteous ignorance of wrong ?"
His words came forth harmonious, clear, and slow,
Like some unceasing river's copious flow,—
No inward strife convulsed his frame,—no throb
Heaved his proud breast's control,—no faltering sob
Told of dissembled fear, or lurking-shame,
In the last warrior of a noble name.
"But ye—the lords—the kings—the gods, of earth,—
I stand before ye, firm in conscious worth !
Erect in native fearlessness of mood !
Pure in the might of virtue's hardihood !
Say—did I sin, when I unsheathed the brand,
A freeman's weapon, for a freeman's land ?
Say—did I sin, when for my father's crown
I ventured love, and life, and—not renown !
No ! Death may reign in all his shapes accurs'd
Till the eyes dazzle, and the heart-strings burst,
May quench the pulse in gore—may sear in flame—
May blight the clay—but cannot blast the name !—
And mine shall ring, as with an earthquake's peal,
Till realms shall break their chains, and tyrants feel—
Feel, that their despot sway, their iron might,
Are straw to fire—before the People's right !
If it be sin to shield a birthright's cause—
Against unlawful rule to guard the laws—
Such sin be mine. For on Plata's plain
Such was the Athenian's crime, the Persian's bane—
Such were the crimes of all, whose titles shine
In the high place of fame's immortal shrine !
And shall I fear to climb the deathless road—
The road, my MASTER, and my SAVIOUR trod ?
Bring forth your torments !—Glut your savage eyes !—
I scorn your mercy, and your doom despise !
But were the depths of guilt, and madness mine,
The crimes of Nero—rage of Cataline—
Dare ye to harm the innocent, the free,—
Slaves to no mortal,—for their faith to me !—
I speak in vain, for your cold hearts are dead
To virtuous warmth, your very souls are red
With the unhallowed taint of murderous wrong !
My words are bitter, but my heart is strong !"

Sternly he paused, as from his hand he drew
The embroidered glove, and from the scaffold threw.
"Bear it," he cried, "If one true heart be near,
To whom his prince's parting charge is dear—
Bear it to Aragon ; say that I fell
As Conrad's son should fall, my last farewell

To him—to him, before the block of death,
Mine and my father's kingdoms, I bequeath—
Mine and my father's vengeance ! I have said !
Tyrant THINE axe is ready, and my head !"
He ceased, and on the crowd a shuddering gloom
Sank heavily,—a breath as from the tomb
O'ercame the boldest heart with deep despair—
Glazed the stern eye, and roused the bristling hair.
He clasped the comrades to his dauntless heart,
Whom life had joined, nor death itself could part ;
To Austria's loved embrace a moment clung,
Then from his godlike limbs the mantle flung,—
Bound from his neck his ringlets waving shroud,—
Stretched forth his arms to heaven, and prayed aloud.
"MAKER of all things—King of might and power—
If the dark cup for me is filled, this hour
Receive my soul," without a thrill of dread,
A throb of woe, he bowed his glorious head
In pride of calm submission. Yet once more
His tuneful accents pealed along the shore,—
"My mother, oh ! my mother, must I heap
Eternal misery on thy heart, and steep
Thine age in anguish !" With the lightning's gleam
L'own came the axe, and gushed the crimson stream,—
And all was ended—save the unearthly scream
Of reft affection,—impotent despair,—
That yelled aloft, high o'er the seraph's prayer,
Heard at the throne of grace Young Austria's cry,
As he beheld his lord, his kinsman die.

S.

GENTILITY—VULGARITY.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

My bear dances to none but the genteelst of tunes.—GOLDSMITH.
"From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step," said Napoleon. But he said it in French ; and had we also said it in that polite language it might, by some persons, have been considered to be vastly more genteel. For our own part, however, we confess that English, provided it be tolerably good English, is good enough for us ; for which confession we may be set down, by these very same persons, as being vulgar. Be it so : it cannot be helped : to borrow the sailor's phrase, we must "grin and bear it." That's genteel, at any rate.

As of the sublime and the ridiculous, so may it be said of the genteel and the vulgar. And here we wish it to be understood that we use those terms, not in their strictly-defined sense, representing, as closely as they can, certain positive qualities ; but as they are used, *vulgar* by the (would be thought) genteel, and *genteel* by the (would not be thought) vulgar. So taken, even "one step" is far too liberal an allowance of space ; while Dryden's "thin partitions," so falsely and unphilosophically placed between "great wits and madness," would denote a separation infinitely too wide between them. There is, in fact, no palpable line of demarcation ; like the colours of the rainbow, they glide into each other.

Now, of the bear mentioned in the line which we have quoted we know nothing ; but if he would dance to none but the genteelst of tunes, he was, unquestionably, a very vulgar bear, without a spark of true gentility in his composition. His stipulating for none but genteel tunes to dance to, such, for instance, as the minuet in "Ariadne," is clear proof of this. Had he been a real gentleman of a bear, *confident in the soundness of his gentility*, he would have tripped it on his "light, fantastic toe," to any tune whatever, from "Nancy Dawson," to the "Devil among the Tailors ;" the innate gentility of such a bear would have manifested itself in his free, unconstrained deportment, in the unaffected grace of his mien, *no matter for the tune he danced to*.

But we must beg this particular bear's pardon. We have no proof of the vulgar fastidiousness of his habits, beyond his keeper's word for it, and that we are disinclined to take. For whatever may have been the case with regard to the eminent *artiste*, there can be no doubt that his keeper, manager, or lessee, was himself an essentially vulgar fellow : by praising what he considered to be the gentility of Mr. Bruin, he was doing, in fact, what the essentially vulgar are prone to do—he was apprehensively insinuating to his companions his claim to the same quality for himself.

As with bears and bearesses, so with men and women. The vulgar among them are the most sensitive to the quality of the tune.

The pretension to gentility takes strange forms, and exhibits itself in odd ways. We were one day riding in an Omnibus—There ! two letters more and we had irretrievably compromised ourselves, with the whole community of bears who will dance to none but genteel tunes ; for, with them, riding in such a vehicle, is the height, or depth, of vulgarity. Having, however, gone so far, we will risk the rest ; endeavouring, at the same time, to render our fall in their opinion as easy as possible, by pulling down along with us two others who both plead guilty to the same enormity.

Sir W—— (not a knighted cheesemonger or apothecary, who would neither of them have so compromised his "position," but a baronet of the oldest standing) was coming to town in a Hammersmith omnibus. Presently it stopped, and the vacant seat next to him was taken by Lord ——, a nobleman who had been employed as ambassador at more than one of the European courts.

"Bless my soul !" whispered the latter, and affecting astonishment, "bless my soul ! my dear ——, do you ever ride in an omnibus ?"

"Never, Lord ——," gravely replied Sir W—— ; "do you ?"

Now, then. We were riding in an omnibus. Opposite to us sat two very "genteel" women. One of them, indeed, evidently thought herself, "uncommon genteel" : she was showily dressed ; she looked at every one about her (except her companion) with an air of disdain, and seemingly wondering how she came to be where she found herself ; every now and then she put to her nose a handkerchief overpoweringly scented with bergamot ; and this she did in a manner to make it clear to every body that the operation was indispensable to her comfort—under the circumstances. She made it distinctly intelligible that she was unused to omnibuses and their disagreeable concomitants.

The two ladies talked to each other in a half whisper, the word "genteel" being used by her of the bergamot once, at least, in every three sentences. In the course of their conversation two infallible tests of "the genteel," of both person and place, were adduced.

"Are you the box-keeper ?" drew a puppy to a gentleman who was looking through a box-door at the late Covent-garden Theatre.

"No," quietly retorted the gentleman ; "are you ?"

"Well!" said the companion, "I do wonder that you visit that Mrs. Edwards, considering."

"Considering what?" inquired the other: "I never heard anything against her."

"No; I don't mean to say there's anything against her; only she is so very vulgar, and you are so very particular about that."

"Why, I am particular upon that point, in course. But you are quite mistaken about her, I do assure you; on the contrary, she's quite the lady, and uncommon genteel; she always wears silk stockings and has done ever since I've known her;—but, in course, I won't undertake to say what she might have done before then."

The next was—

"But," said the companion, "I wonder you should think of leaving the Crescent"—(some suburban paradise)—"it is so very pleasant."

"Very true," replied the vastly genteel lady, "but we went. It is no longer the genteel place it was. Why, when we went to it almost every house had a *pe-army*"—(pianoforte)—"whereas, now—! two shops has come to the upper end of it; as true as I'm sitting here."

We were not personally acquainted with Brummel; but, if many of the sayings which are attributed to him were uttered in sober seriousness, we should set down that "glass of fashion" as an essentially vulgar man. We incline, however, to consider him as a humorist, who was slyly laughing at those who had chosen to establish him as their model for conduct; and can imagine him chuckling, upon seeing some fool refusing the piece of cauliflower he longed for, because Brummel had said, "No gentleman eats vegetables—I did once pick a pea;" and at another for rejecting a second plate of turtle, because, upon Brummel's authority, it was established "that no gentleman takes soup twice."

The vulgar genteel are nervously cautious concerning every thing they say or do; they are ever alive to the dread of compromising their "gentility." At a ball—it was a charity-ball!—given at a fashionable watering-place, a pretty young woman, who was sitting by her mother, was invited by a gentleman to dance. He led her to a set; when, instantly, two "young ladies" who were of it, haughtily withdrew to their seats. "They had no notion of dancing in such company,"—and with good reason. The young person was nothing more than the daughter of a wealthy and respectable tradesman of the place; whilst they—the two Misses Knibbs—were members of its resident small "aristocracy." The places they had vacated were good-naturedly filled by two ladies who had witnessed the proceeding, one of whom was the daughter, the other the niece, of a nobleman. Their position was too well established to be compromised by dancing for a quarter of an hour in the same set with a respectable tradesman's daughter; but the two Misses Knibbs were the daughters of a retired soap-boiler from Bermoudsey.

A lady of rank and high-breeding, being asked whether she had been at the last Polish ball.

"No, indeed," replied she; for upon my word I begin to consider the Polomania a humbug."

Our "vastly genteel" woman in the omnibus, or the Misses Knibbs, would have shuddered at the sound of such a word.

We were led to reflect upon this subject by an anecdote which was related to us, not long ago, by an old man-of-war's man. It was concerning two parrots—an "uncommon genteel" parrot, and a parrot of somewhat easier habits. We were standing on the pier at Ramsgate, when a man came up and offered for sale a member of that entertaining community. Much he said in praise of its conversational powers. What might have ensued had the bird exerted its own eloquence, we know not; but, certain it is, it's owner's were powerless to persuade us to the purchase. Poll, however, had not made the slightest remark; it kept a wise tongue in its head; not a word, not a syllable did it utter: so its proprietor's motion not being seconded by the honourable member in the cage, he withdrew it, and went away. We will relate the anecdote, or story, as nearly as we remember, in the old sailor's words, running the chances as to whether it shall be thought genteel or otherwise.

"That parrot can't talk, sir! and never will talk as long as it's a parrot," said the old sailor.

"How can you tell that?"

"Lord love you, sir, I can tell it by the look on 'em; I've had hundreds o' parrots in my time. I'll just tell you how it ware. You must know that in a ship I was in, the skipper couldn't abide a monkey, and wouldn't allow a single one aboard—one of the wonders o' Natur' not to like a monkey, but so it ware. Well—in revenge for not allowing us to have monkeys, he let us have as many parrots as ever we liked. I had got five to my own share, meaning to bring 'em home,—for you see I cultivated 'em to sell. Well—three on 'em died; of the other two, I got one in Afriky and t'other on the Spanish Main. I got that in change for two pound o' baccy—that ware his origin. Ah! that ware the bird! There warn't a man aboard as had got more brains in his head than that parrot,—as true as I'm telling you, sir. But the birds as come from the Spanish Main beats all the others clean. Why, he'd sing out 'Pipe down hammocks,' 'Pipe for grog,' 'Turn up the hands,'—I'm blest if I haven't seen the chaps come scampering up the hatchways at that. But that warn't all; there warn't an order that he had heard giv by the officers, from the first lieutenant downwards, that he couldn't repeat it; he were more like a human creature than a bird; and I've sometimes thought, if they had but tried him, he could ha' sailed the ship—howsoever that wouldn't ha' been quite according to the Articles of War, and so they didn't. To be sure, besides all that, he would now and then say something that warn't very purlite; but then he meant no harm, and that's how I look at it. As to t'other parrot—that's to say the Afriky parrot—never an improper word comed out of his mouth; he ware purlite, and uncommon genteel into the bargain; but then he ware precious stupid! He could only say one thing—only one, that's the blessed truth—he had only one speech to his back, like. Whatever Spanish Main used to say, if it were only 'Helm a-port,' or 'Reef topsails,' Afriky would sing out, 'Don't be so vulgar—I'm shock'd at you!' Well—now only see the upshot on it. When we came into Plymouth to be paid off, the skipper giv me fifteen guineas for the clever bird, while nobody wouldn't buy the genteel bird at no price. So as I couldn't get nothing for it, and, moreover, had promised to bring my poor old mother home a parrot, why I giv it to she."

Now, had the African parrot thought less of the gentility of the tunes he should dance to, not only would he have been a much more agreeable member of society, but he would have added considerably to his own personal comfort; whilst, also, he might possibly have achieved a much more respectable station in life than to which he was ultimately consigned.

The philosopher Bias, being asked what animal he thought the most hurtful, replied, "That of wild creatures, a tyrant; and of tame ones, a flatterer."

A TALE OF THE "ARDENNES."

BY FREDERICK TOLFREV.

* * * As soon as we were once more on a high-road, I could not help exclaiming, "Well, Pierre, here we are you see, safe and sound, and not eaten up as I was led to suppose we should have been. We are out of danger now, I presume."

"I am not so sure of that, sir," was the reply of my companion; "we may yet have difficulties to encounter."

"I ridiculed the idea, laughed at him for his folly, and putting spurs to my gallant grey, desired him to follow me."

I had not cantered above a mile after leaving the forest, when, at a turn of the road, I came suddenly on a "cabaret," or roadside inn, as you call it in this country. It might have been even termed an "auberge," for it gave promise of more comfort within than the ordinary dram shops which are to be found in every cross-road in France. We had been on horseback for some hours, and I was not a little pleased at the opportunity which presented itself of rest and refreshment.

As Pierre and myself rode up to the door of this rural hotel, he examined attentively the superscription, and exclaimed "C'est drôle! the landlord is, or rather was, an old *camarade* of mine, at Mezières, many years ago—there cannot be two *Maxime Bourdons* in this part of the country."

We were in the act of dismounting, when a barefooted urchin beckoned us to ride round into the stable-yard by a side gate. We did so: and having directed Pierre to look after the horses, I was on the point of making my way to the front of the house, when my attention was attracted by a female figure, of no ordinary mould, on a rude and wooden balcony which ran round this portion of the premises, and from which a staircase, or rather steps, communicated with the yard below, and close to the spot where I was standing. She advanced towards the end of this open verandah, and with the sweetest tone imaginable said, "Par ici, monsieur, s'il vous plaît." In three bounds I was on the platform by her side, for a petticoat had ever irresistible attractions for me, and she led the way to an indifferently furnished apartment, which I was given to understand was the *salle-à-manger*.

Travellers, of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, in all countries, from time immemorial, have assumed to themselves the privilege of toying with chamber-maids and female waiters—a squeeze of the hand, a kiss and a sly pinch are the usual familiarities, which, not being interdicted, very frequently have tacitly given a prescriptive right to these rambling Don Juans to accost, thus unceremoniously, every female who may be doomed to servitude. I never was a Joseph; and if I had been, the lovely countenance of the captivating handmaid before me would have overturned all my philosophy; a more beautiful creature I never beheld, before or since. There was something so *distingue* in her face, the outlines of which were the most perfect it is possible to conceive—an expression I cannot describe—but it was irresistibly winning. And to these advantages, so rare in one moving in so humble a sphere, were superadded a grace and a *tournure* absolutely enchanting. In short, I was *eperdument amoureux* at the first glance. To my surprise, she shrank from me, and repulsed me in so determined, and, at the same time, so dignified a manner, that, for the moment, I was thrown off my guard. Recovering from my surprise, I renewed the attack, but the tone and manner were so decided, and the bearing of this singularly beautiful girl so lofty, firm, yet respectful, that I was annoyed with myself for having been such a fool. There was nothing of prudery, or even of anger in her demeanour, for she appeared to regard me with sorrow and a mixture of pity. In short, her behaviour puzzled me not a little. Smarting under the rebuff, I believe I said to her, rather waspishly, "Why do you repulse me? I dare say I am not the first young fellow who has fallen in love with your pretty face; and perhaps I have done no more than others who have frequented this house. What is the matter with you? You look unhappy."

She turned her eyes upon me, with a look I shall never forget to my latest breath, and exclaimed, "I am unhappy—wretched—miserable—and so would you be, also, if you knew the doom that awaited you."

"And pray what is that?" I asked, incredulously, for I thought she was trifling with me.

"Only," she replied, "that you have not three hours to live—by that time you will be a corpse. I know not what secret impulse makes me say this to you, but I cannot resist forewarning you of your inevitable fate. Escape is hopeless; and you will meet with the same end as the other victims who have entered this room."

"This is some idle fiction you have conjured up," I replied, "to deter me from making love to you; perhaps there is some lover in the case, and you wish to frighten me by this improbable story."

"I call God to witness that I speak nothing but the painful truth," she rejoined. "But stop—you shall know all."

Having said this, she went to the door, and from thence into the passage, to listen if any one were within hearing. Having ascertained that all was safe, she returned, and, closing the door after her, came up to me, and continued her appalling communication.

She looked at me with tears in her eyes, and then pointing to the floor said, "Look at this sand—did you ever see sand in a *salle-à-manger*? and that too on a first floor. Alas! what scenes of blood have been enacted here. You have ordered dinner—which is being prepared below—a few minutes before it is ready, you will see three officers, in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, ride into the courtyard—they will call loudly for the landlord—order dinner, champagne, and other luxuries. You will then be waited upon by the landlord himself, who will announce the arrival of his distinguished guests, and request, on such an emergency, that you will permit them to dine in this room with you; for although he has dinner sufficient for five persons at one table, yet if it were divided, it would not suffice for three and two in separate apartments—you must comply; for a refusal would only accelerate your doom; by complying, you will gain time, and God grant you may devise some plan, with your servant, for frustrating the schemes of these bloodthirsty wretches!"

I was thunderstruck, as you may suppose, and could hardly believe my senses. I desired this lovely girl to send my servant up to me as soon as she could without exciting suspicion. This she did; and I repeated to Pierre every word she had told me. He was incredulous for a long time; but upon my dwelling on every minute particular he became more attentive, although he could hardly believe that his old acquaintance of Mezières, who was the landlord, could lend himself to such a sanguinary plot. "At all events," he said, "I will go back to the stable, under the plea of looking to the horses, and return with our pistols which I can conceal in my pockets." In a few minutes he rejoined me, and we had scarcely begun to talk of the extraordinary tale that had been communicated to me, when the tramping of horses' feet was heard, and three officers, dressed as the girl had described, entered the yard of

the inn. Thus far her story was confirmed. Conviction of the truth now took possession of Pierre's mind.

"It is too true," he said. "I will go back to the stable, and think of what is best to be done. In the meantime the landlord will, doubtless, come to you; and it is better we should not be seen together."

He had not left the room five minutes ere mine host made his appearance. A more specious and obsequious Boniface you never beheld. As the girl had predicted, his opening speech was to the effect that I would, he trusted, pardon the liberty he was about to take in proposing that three officers of the Imperial Guard should dine in my room. He had dinner for five, certainly; but if the repast he had prepared were served up in two separate apartments, there would not be sufficient for either party. He assured me, moreover, that I could not fail to be pleased with the society of these gentlemen, as they were officers of rank, *du bon ton* and *bien comme il faut*.

Putting as good a face as I could on the matter, I expressed my willingness to meet his wishes and those of the officers. I added, however, that I trusted the newly-arrived gentlemen would excuse my servant sitting at the same table with them; that I was travelling for my health, and he was seldom from my side, as I was subject to sudden attacks of spasms. I thought the fellow appeared rather disconcerted at this announcement; but not pretending to notice the effect my communication had produced, I requested him as he left the room to send my servant up stairs, as I wished to take some cordial before dinner. Pierre soon made his appearance, and putting my pistols in my hand, said,

"All is but too true, monsieur; *courage*, and we shall be masters of the field. I have arranged my plan, and you must follow my instructions. The captain of this infernal band of cut-throats you must place at the bottom of the table, facing you; his two confederates you must request to sit on one side of the table, while I take my place opposite to them. As soon as I have helped myself to a glass of wine, *after the dessert is placed on the table*, you must shoot the scoundrel facing you!—shrink not, for on your nerve and presence of mind depend our safety. Leave the rest to me; we have a desperate game to play—coolness and courage alone are wanting to ensure success."

I promised compliance, and was picturing to myself the scene in which I was so soon to play so prominent a part, when the three *soldisant* officers made their appearance, ushered in by the landlord. The fellows were dressed to perfection—rather *outré* as to dandyism; for they were oiled, curled, and scented as the veriest *petit maitre* in the *recherché* salons of Paris. Their address was rather of the free and easy school, somewhat overdone, perhaps, but still there was nothing offensive in their manner. They were profuse in their thanks for the honour I had conferred upon them by allowing them to dine with me; in short, they acted their parts to the life. The glances that had been interchanged amongst themselves as they entered the apartment, when they beheld Pierre, had not escaped my observation. I therefore, as soon as they had expended their volley of compliments and thanks, apologized for being compelled to have my servant at the same table, assigning the same reason I had given the landlord. At length the soup was served, then the cutlets, a fricandeau, stewed ducks, and a roasted capon. Every mouthful I took I thought would have choked me; and my want of appetite, which was remarked, I attributed to the state of my health. The fellows ate, drank, laughed, and chatted away in the most amiable manner possible.

The dinner was by this time nearly brought to a conclusion. The girl had waited upon us; and during her absence from the room with the remains of the dinner, one of the miscreants opposite to Pierre appeared to be searching about his person for some missing object; at last he said, "I have lost my snuff-box." And addressing himself to my attendant, added, "I will thank you to go down stairs, and on the dresser in the kitchen you will see a gold snuff-box—for I must have left it there—and bring it up to me."

Pierre, however, to my great delight, never quitted his seat; and very quietly remarked, that he never executed any orders but those of his master. The person addressed looked confused at this reply, and bit his lips with rage. Turning to me, he requested very politely that I would send my servant for the box in question. To my infinite relief, and as good luck would have it, the girl re-appeared with the cheese and some fruit, and I observed to the gentleman of the missing snuff-box, that *la fille* would fetch it for him.

Mademoiselle was, accordingly, commissioned to execute the errand; but she presently returned, saying there was no *tabatière* to be found below.

"N'importe," said the fellow; "bring us some champagne."

While this very pleasant beverage was gone for, the other officer on my right hand discovered that his pocket-handkerchief was absent without leave, and ordered Pierre to go to the kitchen and look for it. This command, however, was disobeyed in like manner; for my trusty follower replied, "The servant will be here directly with the wine, and she can bring it you." The champagne was brought, and ere the cork was let loose from its confinement, the pocket-handkerchief was *accidentally* discovered under the table!

The girl now left the room; and never shall I forget the look she gave me as she closed the door. It seemed to say, the world has closed on you for ever!—we shall never see each other again!

The bottle was passed, and as Pierre helped himself, he turned towards me, and a glance of the eye told what he meant. He put the glass to his lips; and placing it suddenly upon the table, said to me, "I hope you are not ill, sir?" "No," I replied. I knew what he meant, but I was powerless. He added, "Monsieur must take some cordial;" he put his hands in his pockets, and drew forth a brace of pistols and levelling them with a deadly aim at his opposite neighbours, shot them both through the heart at the same moment. He then sprang like a tiger on the captain at the foot of the table, which was upset in the *mêlée*, caught him by the throat, and called to me to come to his assistance. I had in some degree recovered from my stupefaction, for my senses had been paralysed, if I may use the expression, and ran to the faithful fellow.

We continued to pinion the scoundrel, between us; and to make assurance doubly sure, Pierre bound one end of the table-cloth over the villain's face, while, with the other, he fastened his arms behind him.

"Now, monsieur," said he, "stand over this *scelerat* with your pistols, until I return from the stable with a cord;" he rushed down the stairs, and was back with me in less than two minutes. We bound our friend fast, hand and foot. "And now," said Pierre, "you must remain here until I have ridden to the nearest post-town, which is not above two leagues from this. I will bring back assistance, and give our prisoner into safe custody. There is not a living being below—the house is empty. You have nothing to apprehend—not a soul will molest you. We have cleared the place. I must first catch a horse, for ours have been turned loose. There was one in the yard just now; and you may rely upon it I will lose no time in returning with some military and police, and release you from your unpleasant situation."

I had the satisfaction of hearing my brave and faithful attendant gallop off in a few minutes. My position in the meantime was none of the pleasantest. I made up my mind to sell my life dearly, in the event of any attempt at rescue;

and what with watching the door, and the wretch at my feet, I had no very agreeable time of it. The two hours I thus spent, I thought the longest I had ever experienced. Thanks to a merciful Providence, the trial I had undergone was brought to a termination.

The indefatigable Pierre returned at length, with a *juge de paix*, and a whole *posse* of officials on horseback, besides a troop of mounted *gendarmes*. The prisoner was secured, and the house searched from top to bottom—not a living soul was discovered; but in a large vaulted underground-cellar were skeletons, and human bodies innumerable—some of the latter in every stage of decomposition. There could not have been less than from three to four hundred victims. The bodies were subsequently removed, by order of the authorities, and interred in the *cimetière* of Mezières; the house was razed to the ground by the infuriated populace.

Strange to say, the landlord, and the lovely girl who had been instrumental in bringing these dark deeds to light, have never been heard of from that day to this; and I much fear that the latter perished by the hand of the wretch who kept the house. I have sought, by every means in my power, to gain some tidings of this beautiful creature; but in vain. Money and large rewards have not been wanting; and I would at this moment give half I am worth in the world to discover what became of her—for to her I owe my preservation. My tale is done.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

Diary of Travels and Adventures in Upper India, &c. &c. By C. J. C. Davidson, Esq., late Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, Bengal. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

A recent police-report has, in the most congenial manner, ushered this publication into the world of letters, and spared the call for any species of preliminary puffing to attract notice. As at fairs, in front of the booth, whether theatrical, bestial, or mechanical, the fashion time out of mind hath been to get up a wonderful noise, exhibit marvellous pictures, and grin, make faces, and play off practical tricks, so as to provoke a longing desire to enter and see what is within; so has it become a custom, more honoured in the breach than in the observance, to create an appetite for new books by preliminary newspaper excitements, which may be compared by analogy with the obstreperous music, pictorial illustrations, posture-making, and rough jokes of the itinerant shows. Fortunately he who can be saved from all this expense and trouble by an extemporaneous and unsought *éclat*, by such a lucky turn as a novel case before a police *Rhadamanthus*, and the consequent notoriety of a modern Battle of the Books, involving a still more enviable event of a Skirmish of the Manuscripts.

The signal felicity of Col. Davidson's Diary in this respect does not, however, surprise us, since we have ascertained, from glancing at it, the inherent pugnacity of his disposition. His *rumpusses* with nearly all and sundry the people with whom he had to do in his travels, which are called "Adventures" on the titlepages, ought to have prepared any intelligent printer or publisher for a *fracas*; for the gallant son of Mars, it must have been evident from his M.S., was not a man to put up with any slight or contradiction. He had learnt better in Upper India from lessons like the following. At Nargul he relates:—

"I met with unprovoked insolence from the black judge, or thannadar. Nargul is a paltry miserable village, and not the usual baiting-place or halt; but, owing to the confusion in the numerous directions I received at Nujeebad, I selected it as being the nearest, and for having a bazar. I sent, as I have always been accustomed to do, a message to the Jack in office, saying that I had six horses and four cows, and requested that I might be supplied with grass, for which I should pay liberally. He answered, that already twenty people had been despatched for that purpose before my arrival. I waited patiently till twelve o'clock, and he then sent me some grass roots which were dry, having been dug up many days ago, when it had been announced to him that two young civilians were expected to pass through on their march to Hurdwar. This fodder was not good enough for litter, and all the cattle refused to eat it. I sent a sepahce to him a second time, and received a most insolent answer through him, which lost none of its bitterness on the road, I'll be bound. 'Who is your master—and what do I care for him?' To an Englishman in England, this would merely appear indicative of a very enviable independence of spirit; but these things are managed differently in India! This man would have crawled on his knees if I had been the youngest civilian in the country; but my coat was red, and he thought he might indulge his insolence with safety. 'Vastly spirited, indeed,' said I to the sepahce; 'shew me the fellow's hole!' Jack marched, *en militaire*, to the thannadar, and called out for the knave lustily.

"He came out, and I desired the sepahce to repeat the civil message I had sent him, with his answer. This the man did; I then turned to the policeman and asked if it were all correct. He looked very much confused, and endeavoured to deny it. I told him, that if the grass was not placed at my door in half an hour, I should report his neglect to my friend the judge, and that I thought he would hear more of his insolence than he expected. He grew much alarmed, and, in less than the quarter of an hour, a large mob of old men, girls, women, and boys, were in attendance with good dhoo grass."

Just so he required his M.S. from Mr. Colburn, who seemed to rest on the practice of the trade, and say, "What do I care for him!" and thereupon he, in wrath, roared, "Shew me the fellow's hole!" and so the shindy grew, but terminated differently; for he did not get his dhoo grass from Marlborough Street! No, no, our spirited publisher was not to be cowed and terrified like a poor enervated native of India: and the warlike colonel only caught a tartar. Mark the contrast; in a voyage down the Ganges, he tells us:—

"As we were pulling along slowly, I observed a young man, of about twenty-four, standing gazing at the approaching boat, as if he had some communication to make. When opposite and close to him, I inquired if there were any wild fowls in the neighbourhood? He looked very much alarmed, and gently retreating, answered 'No.' Are there any hog-deer? Still retreating, 'No!' Are there any other sorts of deer? Backing still, 'No! no!' At last, I slapped my hands together and gave a view hilloo! when he could no longer conceal his terror, but bounded off, crying for mercy, and looking back to discover whether or not he was pursued! All the dandees laughed heartily at his fright. In fact, a New Hollander could not have displayed greater alarm."

To come to the work itself, and leave the dispute about it, we may say that the extracts we have already given pretty accurately portray its character. It is a very rig-ma-rolish sort of affair, in which the personal prevails far beyond the limits of general curiosity. How and where the writer squabbled, how he travelled, how he fed, how he suffered in consequence, how hundreds of unimportant trifles occurred and are recorded, bring us, with very few noticeable circumstances, from the first page to the last. In short, and we make the confession with some compunctious visitings, we have not been able to amuse ourselves with the "entirety" of these volumes. It is a facetious charge against

critics that they often review books without reading them; and under the humble name of notice, we are obliged to plead guilty in the present instance, though at the imminent risk of being taken to Marlborough Street for the offence. From what we have seen, we can inform the British and Indian empires, that it is appropriately dedicated to Sir Benjamin (i. e. Isambard) Brunel who has set a precedent of a great bore; and that the gallant colonel "wrote these pages purely for his own amusement," and that he has not crammed them with dull statistical or historical details stolen from obsolete gazetteers. The execution may be gathered as well from the first dozen pages as from any other part into which the reader may dip,—the work opens thus:—

"March 17th, 18—. Started from Bareilly Cantonment in my buggy, and as I built it myself you shall have a full and correct description of it. The body and carriage part were painted of fine dazzling yellow, picked out black (out of compliment to the natives!)—a pattern at once lively and genteel. The panels were of copper; the hood, back, and seats, were lined with light drab cloth. The body was supported on grasshopper springs, made of country steel, which possesses a degree of elasticity almost equal to English cast iron! The right spring was cracked through. Now for the rest of my travelling equipage and attendants. Much has been said of the enervating luxury of officers of the Bengal army, and I dare say that the European innocent has already prepared his mind for an account of my camp equipage, pipes of Madeira, chests of Carbonell, hawks, and hunting leopards. Alas! these things are getting scarce; India is hardly the same India as it was when our gallant bribe-of-laces-taking forefathers honoured it by their collections. No, no; make up your mind to hear the plain truth, and you shall know how a poor soldier fares. I had no tents with me, being determined to mix as much as possible with the natives, having resolved to write a very agreeable journal. My stock of diffusible stimulants consisted of two bottles of exquisite juniper gin; not the filthy, poisonous, yellow, turpentine English, but the real tincture of juniper. I am a water drinker, not from necessity, but from choice, habit, and education. I encamped, or rather more strictly, bivouacked, a little after sunset, in a lovely orchard of mango-trees in full blossom, amidst a very few as easily accommodated servants and cattle; and you shall have a faithful detail of their names, employments, and wages, in due time. I have dwelt in India twenty-five years; traversed it from the snowy range to Bombay on the west; so I must have seen something of the country, and may be supposed to know something of the natives—can speak Hindoostanee pretty fluently, having studied ka, ke, kee (the inflections, sir!) under Shakespeare at Addiscombe; nay, I have made some very respectable puns in that dialect. After much consideration, I look upon the natives as made of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. I cannot guess what we should have been without Christianity and education; but if like them, then I must say that we should have been the most entirely depraved, lying, dishonest knaves in the world. And yet I think I say so without partiality or prejudice."

To readers who like this style of writing we cordially recommend these volumes, as being perfectly calculated to afford them ample gratification:—to such as enjoy a different taste, a few brief examples may be *quant. suff.* Among the Pathans at Rampore:—

"Passing through the Serâee, on my return to my hotel, I saw that several of the rooms were surrounded or enclosed by a long row of very dirty kunnâts, or tent-walls. On inquiring, I found that in that sacred seclusion tarried a real Mohammedan begum, or lady of high rank. Hers was, indeed, what, in sporting language, might be termed a 'splendid turn-out.' It consisted of two miserably lean camels, two or three bullocks, and some bullock-bylees, or carriages—none of them from Long Acre. Two of these were covered in a very stylish manner with red khârâ (or dyed coarse cotton), very richly ornamented with peacocks and stars of white cotton in mezzo relievo, with slits, nicely edged with white, to match, for the convenience of peeping at passengers. Her personal guard was commanded by a very old cotton-bearded Pathan, above seventy years of age, and accompanied by a retinue, or tail, of male and female slaves, or, as we say in Hindoostan, a suwarree of loundees and louchers, of all shapes, sizes, and sexes! I asked the old gentleman, in a quiet way, merely for information, if the begum sahib was old? He shook his venerable grey hairs, and answered, with a very melancholy smile, 'Buhoot burus kee!'—very old. So I was quite satisfied that she had turned the corner. But what on earth could have induced you to ask such a very useless and impertinent question? Why the fact is this—the purdah, which acts as a sedative on natives, operates powerfully as a stimulant to Europeans. Hide the ugliest seedee (or Abyssinian) behind the dirtiest rag, and imagination will 'dictate' sonnets to her eyebrow. One does like to know whether a creature of her sex be old or young whenever she hides her face. Driving once through one of the most crowded streets in Calcutta, I found it hardly possible to proceed, there were so many face-hiding women in the very middle of the road. So, getting very impatient, I roared, 'Jâo booreea! booreea! jâo!' with all the bitterness of impatient griffinism. To my great amusement, a very handsome girl, turning her chudder from her head, turned sharply back, and, looking at me, said, 'Tera booreea kuon? where is your old woman? and laughed in my face! In fact, the best days of her highness the begum were passed, and she was removed to Rampore from the zunana at Lucknow, to make room for some vile, pert, young hussy of thirteen or fourteen. Poor old girl! turned loose, like a decayed horse in a paddock, upon a very short bite, as the agriculturists would say!"—On the road I overtook a hackery, or cart, drawn by two bullocks, accompanied by a very fine old man, walking in a melancholy, downcast manner by its side: in it was an old woman, patting, hushing, and endeavouring to lull something, which prattled at a most awful rate. On inquiry, I was told that the person under the cloths was a poor young female in a state of mental derangement. After much cross-questioning, they told me that she had become insane since she recovered from a fever, and that she was bound on a pilgrimage to the tomb of a famous peer or saint, 100 miles off, to be cured by a miracle. The old man said she had a bukh! Preserve us! a talking devil! a woman with a talking devil! Had I any remedy? asked the anxious father. I had. I prescribed eroton pills—such being the prescription of Galen for all anomalous diseases; and such surely must excessive talking be considered in a woman!"—On returning home I raised a hare, and standing up, discharged a barrel at the animal. I missed, but, to my great surprise, a lurking jackal leaped up, and gave her chase; and as far as I could see, he was close at her heels in hot pursuit. A brother of mine has seen jackals hunting hares in couples; and the inference I draw is, that they sometimes catch, and sometimes miss them. After a very comfortable dinner, I sallied out amongst the neighbouring ravines, and shot a fine young leveret, which I shall, please Heaven, eat stewed to-morrow, with tomato sauce. Have you ever tried the dish? it is delicious! By the bye, I once petted a pair of leverets for a month, and they grew so tame as to feed out of a teaspoon on new milk, and frisk about after tea on my oval St. Domingo mahogany tea-table, in a most diverting manner; but at last, without timely notice, they died."—Squatted in the shop of an absentee Bunceya, a grain

dealer; and in the afternoon proceeded to the neighbouring fields to pick up something nice, as a partridge or a few quails, for dinner; for, after all, what is a whole leveret stewed, with tomato sauce? a mere mouthful. On it and a 'tame villatic fowl' was I compelled to satisfy the cravings of marching nature."

But it must not be supposed, though we have only quoted trivial and absurd passages, that the author does not occasionally aim at higher game; and in justice to him, we beg to cite a specimen of his philosophy and philosophical acquirements:—

"The bed of the river at Hurdwar is twelve hundred feet above the sea at least; these hills, perhaps, two hundred feet above that level; and hence the whole country must have been at least fourteen hundred feet under water. Here, then, are proofs of a general inundation or deluge. There is, in my opinion, no footing but on the Mosaic account; that is, there has nothing yet appeared that can, in the slightest degree, shake the Mosaic account. But certain there is one thing that I should wish to have explained:—the Mosaic account states that, immediately before the creation of man, "darkness covered the face of the earth." Now, if such was the case, as I do not doubt, for what purpose, or at what period before the formation of man, were created those huge animals whose fossil remains are now dug of the sub-Himalayan ranges, and other places, whose huge skulls have orbits of fourteen inches in diameter? Eyes were made for light then as now; hence there must have been either a sun or a phosphorent power before the creation of man. Observation—a long, and patient, and unprejudiced observation—not in one solitary tract or hole of a province, or even kingdom, but over the face of the whole earth, can alone produce a decent and defensible system of geology."

And it might appear that he would probably leave another fossil for some equally great philosopher ten thousand years hence (if any such should ever arise); for he proceeds to say in connexion:—

"I should have sold my elephant, but she had only eighteen toes. If she had either sixteen or twenty, I could have disposed of her with ease! but such a number as eighteen was so very unlucky, that when two rich natives came to examine her, and I laughed and told them the animal had only eighteen toes, 'Eighteen toes,' said they, 'oh, that will never do!' looking at each other—'we need not look at her.' Her highness the begum also rejected her, for the same enlightened reason. Here, you see, was an animal that was evidently predestined not to be sold! I don't understand this at all! I hope it was not predestined that she should remain always on my hands."

No wonder that the author should proclaim himself as being found out by a native gentleman, that "I could rise from astronomy to bull-dogs; demonstrate the difference between steamboats and air-balloons; was profound in philology; game on tiger-hunting; professional on cow-pox; agricultural on black cattle; and could even descend to frivolous remarks on the judicial and military administrations of India." And with this excellent opinion, which supersedes ours, we bid the gallant author most cordially farewell.

RECEIPT FOR A NOBLEMAN.

Would ye make a noble Man,
I will tell ye how ye can:—
Take a monarch of an hour,
Ready to resign his power,
And a peer that hates his ermine,
And a Russ that hath no vermin,
And a Frenchman that ne'er boasted,
And a hero not yet toasted,
And a Benthamite complete,
Without hardness or conceit:
Take a courtier that ne'er lied,
And a cornet without pride,
And a player without rant,
And a parson without cant,
And an alderman a-running,
And a beggar without cunning,
And an orator and poet,
Full of genius and not know it:—
Take them, and with care and pains,
From each head extract the brains:
Mix them well:—and ye may then
Make a hundred noble men.

THE INVISIBLE FOE:

AN INCIDENT IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

On a bright August evening of the year 181—, a dozen infantry soldiers were seen marching along a country road in Catalonia. Although their uniform was French their high features and olive complexions were the attributes of a more southern nation, while the language in which they conversed bespoke them to belong to one of the Italian regiments which Napoleon had taken into his pay. Their countenances were bronzed and weather-beaten, their arms brightly burnished, their step assured and regular; they were evidently men who had seen hard service, but yet they wanted something of the military *tournaire* and frank, fearless carriage, which distinguished the French imperial troops of the time. They had more the look of well-drilled banditti than of soldiers, and such was in some degree the character they had made themselves in Spain, where no troops were more dreaded for their cruelty and exactions than the Italian brigades.

The sergeant commanding the party was a low-browed sullen-looking man, with a peculiarly ferocious expression of countenance. Although an Italian by birth, he had passed the greater part of his life at Paris, and had shared in the horrors and massacres of the revolution. It was reported indeed among his comrades that he had officiated as one of the numerous executioners whose services were in such request during the Reign of Terror, at the expiration of which period of bloodshed he had enlisted in a regiment of the line. Thence he was transferred to an Italian corps, and not being deficient in courage, speedily gained the rank of Sergeant, but his brutal character and questionable antecedents had hitherto stood in the way of his obtaining the epaulette. Although little liked by his officers, Sergeant Pisani was a favourite with the men, who were sure of impunity for any excesses they might commit when under his command, he being usually the first to set the example of cruelty and pillage.

The duty on which this little detachment was proceeding was to search for a Spaniard, who having been taken prisoner and compelled to serve in an Italian regiment, had not unnaturally seized an early opportunity of deserting. He had a brother living in this part of the country, with whom it was suspected he had taken refuge; Sergeant Pisani and his party had been sent to hunt out the

fugitive, and as it led them to some distance from the French garrison, of which they formed part, and would doubtless afford opportunities for plunder, they proceeded on their mission with great good will.

"It surely cannot be much farther to the house of this Lanz," said Pisani, to a corporal who marched beside him. "At the last village they told us another league, and we have certainly marched three since then. *Corpo di Cristo!* how long the leagues are in this cursed country!"

As he spoke, the party turned an angle of the road which had been shut in for some time between high wooded banks, but now led across an open plain, highly cultivated, and rich in the various productions of that fertile soil. Fields of tall maize, and wheat of a golden hue, contrasted with the dull gray-green of the *oliveares*, and with the brighter tints of the vines, laden with luxuriant clusters of grapes, that were already beginning to acquire a purple tinge. To the right of the road the eye roamed over a large extent of champaign country; to the left the view was more limited, being bounded at the distance of a mile by a ridge of hills, the sides of which were clothed with cork-trees. Towards these hills did Pisani and his men bend their steps, leaving the high-road, and following a path that led through a thickly-planted orchard.

After ten minutes march, the soldiers emerged from the trees upon an open sward, at the farther end of which, and leaning its back against the hill, stood a small farm-house, boasting a degree of neat cleanliness rarely found in the dwellings of even the better sort of Spanish *labradores*, or yeomen. The walls of the cottage were of dark-coloured flints, the roof of thatch, covered with mosses, and fringed with creeping plants, which hung down their star-like flowers and elegant festoons in front of the latticed casements. A porch of unbarked branches surrounding the door was overgrown with ivy, and flanked by pomegranate and orange-trees that perfumed the air around. On one side of the house was a plot of garden-ground, on the other a small farmyard, whence were heard the lowing of cows, and noises of other domestic animals.

The sudden appearance of the soldiers within a hundred yards of the cottage, evidently caused much confusion among its inmates. A man who been sitting on a rude bench some short distance from the house started up and hurried in-doors, but came out again almost immediately, and lounged back to his seat with an assumption of great listlessness and indifference; two women's heads appeared a moment at the windows, and were instantly withdrawn again, while three sunburnt children who were playing near the farm-yard gate, ran for shelter behind the bench on which their father was sitting, and gazed at the new comers with a mixture of terror and curiosity.

The alarm caused by his arrival was not lost upon Sergeant Pisani, who was well used to this kind of service. At a word from him the corporal and two men hurried round to the rear of the house, two more stood sentry over the stable and outhouses, and another took up his post below a window looking into the garden; the remainder rested on their arms in front of the cottage.

"You are Esteban Lanz," said Pisani in a surly tone, and scowling savagely at the peasant.

The Spaniard bowed his head slightly, and replied affirmatively to the question.

"Your brother Pedro has deserted, and we are well assured he is concealed in your house."

"It is not true, *senor*," replied Lanz, "many weeks have passed since I saw or heard of him."

"*Mentira!*" cried the Italian, fiercely. "If he is not here you know where he is. I shall waste no words on you, but search the house; and if in vain, we will find means to make you speak. Here, Paolo and Giovanni, stop with this fellow, and should he try to escape, tickle him with your bayonets."

So saying, he entered the cottage followed by the remaining soldiers.

Two minutes had scarcely elapsed when the screams of women were heard. The Spaniard's brow knit and his teeth clenched. He glanced at the house, and then at the bayonets of his guards, with the look of a man who meditated some act of desperation. At that moment two young and handsome women rushed out of the house, terror stamped upon their countenances and closely pursued by a couple of soldiers. Their first impulse seemed to be to rush to the Spaniard for protection, but on seeing him a prisoner they hesitated.

"*Al bosque, al bosque!*" cried he, "to the wood! Never mind me!"

"Ay, to the wood with them," said Pisani. "They may come back in an hour, we shall be gone, and they can bury you." And he took up a musket, and advancing towards Lanz, placed the muzzle within an inch of his breast. The peasant remained unmoved by the threat.

"*Corre! Run!*" cried he to the women.

But the hesitation of the latter had been fatal, and they were again in the power of the soldiery.

"Come," cried Pisani, "we want the women to show us over the place; leave them alone, men, for the present."

And the Italians again entered the house, taking the women with them, whom they compelled to open all the doors, and show them each corner of the dwelling. Not a nook was left unsearched in which a mouse could have concealed itself; every wall was sounded with the butt ends of the muskets, in hopes of detecting some cavity or secret door, the furniture displaced, the corn in the granary turned over, but all in vain. No trace could be found of the man they sought.

As they passed through the kitchen after their fruitless investigation, Pisani took down from a nail a bunch of the thin rosin candles, often used in Spanish houses of the poorer sort, then passing out of the door he again approached his prisoner.

"Have you thought better of it?" demanded he. "Will you tell us your brother's hiding-place?"

"I know it not," replied the peasant, surlily.

"Your memory is bad; we must try to freshen it," said the sergeant, glancing at the candles that he dangled from his finger.

"I cannot remember what I never knew."

"*Nous verrons,*" said Pisani.

The outhouses and every corner of the farm had now been searched, and the soldiers were assembled around the Spaniard, whose wife and sister stood by pale and trembling, and exposed to the brutal jests of their captors. A skin of wine that had been found in the house had been brought out and broached, and the deep draughts the soldiers were taking were evidently working them up to a state in which they would be fit for any sort of cruelty and excess.

"Bind him!" said the sergeant, pointing to Lanz.

Three soldiers seized the Spaniard, who struggled furiously, and shaking off their grasp, thrust his hand into his bosom. They again threw themselves upon him. One of them gave a scream of agony, his eyes rolled, and he fell, stabbed to death. But the next instant Lanz was overpowered, and the knife wrested from him.

"*Sacre!*" growled Pisani, stepping up to the wounded man; "are you much hurt, Paolo?"

By a convulsive movement the soldier turned over on his side. The blood gushed from his mouth. He was dead.

"*Brigand!*" cried the sergeant, shaking his fist in the face of Lanz, who now lay on the ground, held down by the soldiers, and panting from the violent efforts he had made. "*Tu me le paieras.* Tie him to the bench!"

By the united strength of four or five men the Spaniard was bound down in a sitting posture, his arms stretched out at right angles to his body, and fastened with thongs to the back of the bench in such a manner that it was impossible for him to move them. When this was done the sergeant took some twine from his pocket, and cutting the candles, which were formed of tow dipped in rosin, into pieces, proceeded to tie them to the fingers of the unfortunate captive. When he had completed these infernal preparations he resumed his interrogatory.

"Where is your brother?"

"No sé," replied the Spaniard.

"Giovanni, fetch a light from the kitchen. Where is your brother?"

The prisoner gazed sternly at his questioner, but made no answer.

"For the third time," roared Pisani, "will you give up the deserter?"

As he spoke he applied a blazing splinter, which one of the men brought him, to the combustibles secured between the fingers of his unfortunate victim. The face of the Spaniard flushed a deep red, and his lips were violently compressed, but he said nothing, although he must have endured intense agony, as the tow blazed up and the rosin melted and ran over his hands and down his wrists, causing the skin to rise in horrible blisters.

"*Misericordia, por Dios!*" cried the women, as they made an effort to rush towards the sufferer. But the soldiers held them back and only laughed at their tears and supplications.

"Esteban! My husband!" shrieked the handsomest of the two women, her features convulsed with the violence of her emotions. "I cannot see you suffer thus, I must tell."

"Ha! ha!" cried the sergeant, "I was right then; there is something to tell."

"Not a word, Mariana," said her husband, sternly, "not a word! I suffer no pain."

The wretched woman fell upon her knees, and clasping her hands looked up to Heaven, while her lips moved as in prayer. One of the Italians touched the sergeant's arm and pointed to an enormous tree that grew in rear of the house, the roof of which it overshadowed with its gigantic branches and thick foliage. There was a rustling among the leaves which could not be accounted for by any wind, for the evening was perfectly calm and still, but which was soon explained by the appearance of a man who dropped out of the tree upon the roof. The soldiers set up a shout of triumph as they recognised the deserter of whom they were in search, and simultaneously levelled their muskets at him. The women seized the opportunity, and rushing forward extinguished the flame that was burning the fingers of the heroic Spaniard to the very bone.

"Fire!" shouted the deserter, "fire! for alive I will not be taken."

"By no means," replied Pisani. "My orders are to take you alive, and those orders I shall execute, so you may as well come down before I set the house in a blaze, and smoke you off your perch."

The deserter stooped and took up a musket that lay concealed among the thatch at his feet. Raising it to his shoulder he pulled the trigger, and the bullet passed through Pisani's shako. Half a dozen of the soldiers fired: the Spaniard sprang into the air, and falling again upon the roof, rolled down its sloping side, and thence fell a corpse to the ground.

The scene that ensued, although too horrible to describe, was one unfortunately for humanity, of no unfrequent occurrence during the seven years' war waged by the French in Spain. The soldiers, enraged at the death of one of their comrades, and at the resistance they had met with, excited also almost to madness by the strong Catalan wine they had been drinking, proceeded to excesses worthy of savages, and in which their leader encouraged rather than checked them. They did not set out on their homeward march till they had perpetrated every atrocity which the most unbridled fury and bloodthirstiness could prompt. The farmhouse, that on their arrival had presented so peaceful a picture of rustic happiness, they left a heap of ashes. In front of it lay the dead bodies of two outraged women and three young children; while on the bench to which they had bound him, and whence he had been the forced spectator of these horrors, was extended the bleeding and mutilated but still breathing form of the unhappy Esteban Lanz.

The perpetrators of these inhuman acts had small difficulty in giving them such a colouring as secured them from blame at the hands of their superiors.

They had been sent to capture a deserter in a wild part of the country—resistance had been offered—that was sufficiently proved by the death of one of their number. They had been compelled to use their arms and were not answerable for the consequences. In fact, the affair did not differ sufficiently in its general features from the sanguinary scenes daily occurring between the peasantry and French soldiers, to attract any particular notice from the authorities; although it served to increase the exasperation and hatred nourished by the Catalonians against their foreign oppressors.

The sergeant Pisani, who commanded the party, was shortly after made an officer as a reward for some bold conduct in action, and a few months later he left the Italian brigade and passed into a cavalry regiment.

A year had elapsed since the incidents detailed above. The large number of troops quartered in Catalonia, and the judicious moderation of Marshal Suchet, who commanded there, had contributed to render that province more tranquil than any other part of Spain occupied by the French. Many of the guerrilla bands had been exterminated, and those that still existed kept themselves aloof, only venturing upon rare aggressions, and retreating again in all haste into some adjacent province.

There was one *partida*, however, evidently not numerous, that caused the French much annoyance of a petty kind. This band, although it occasionally recruited itself with disaffected peasantry or contrabandistas, and ventured upon some bolder *coup-de-main*, was remarkable in general for the trifling nature of its exploits, which gave rise to the opinion that its permanent numbers were very small, probably not exceeding two or three men. Dragoons carrying despatches were waylaid and shot, officers' servants watering their masters' horses, stabbed, though close to the walls of a garrison, and the horses hamstringed, or carried off; sentries stolen upon, and murdered at their post.

These things were of daily occurrence, and occasionally some more daring enterprise would be attempted. Two or three small pickets had been cut off to a man; stabbed in their sleep, and almost under the eyes of the sentinels, who had been kept for the last victims; parties of four or five dragoons, returning from escort-duty, picked off one after the other as they passed along the road, by the unerring bullets of these unseen foes.

Harassed and annoyed by this system of petty warfare, several French officers commanding garrisons or cantonments had sent troops to hunt out the gue-

illas, and captures had occasionally been made, but never as it appeared of the right man, for the exploits of "L'Invisible," as the soldiers had christened their indefatigable enemy, continued without abatement.

It was an hour after daybreak, in the pleasant little town of Tora: the reveillee sounded, the muster-roll had been called, and the French soldiers, composing the garrison, were lounging about in expectation of a summons to the breakfast of rice and pork which the companies' cooks were then busied preparing.

At the door of a large house used as barracks, and situated on the plaza, or principal square of the town, stood a group of soldiers discussing some subject, which to judge from their vehement gestures and loud tones was of no small interest.

"Stabbed! yes, stabbed at his post last evening!" said one of the men, answering a question put to him by a new comer. "And he the smartest fellow in the battalion, and never known to close an eye when on duty. *Sacre Dieu!* there is no safety for any of us if this goes on. *Ce pauvre Jolibois, ça!*"

"What is certain; they ought to hunt out this 'Invisible,' somehow," exclaimed another soldier. "That is to say, if he is to be hunted out; but, curse me, if I think it's a man at all. Nobody ever saw him, or any of his party—nobody now alive at least. He is never known to wound any body—no, no, all he has to do with, die. His knife and bullet make sure work."

At this moment a young officer came out of a house on the opposite side of the plaza, and after saying a few words to an orderly sergeant who followed him, walked away down a neighbouring street. The sergeant crossed the square in the direction of the barracks.

"*Tiens, tiens!*" cried the man, "here is an order coming—some forage party or escort."

"You are right, *mes enfans*," said the non-commissioned officer, "only the service may be smarter than you think. Five-and-twenty men, the next for duty, to parade immediately. Lieutenant Larose will be back in ten minutes to march you off; so be alive, for he does not understand joking."

In less than the time named, the little party left the town under the command of the young officer above alluded to. During four hours' march under a scorching sun, and over hot, sandy roads, many were the conjectures of the soldiers as to the object of their expedition; but they did not succeed in coming to any satisfactory conclusion on the subject, and opinions remained divided.

At the expiration of that time, they arrived at a small stone chapel, containing an image of the Virgin, erected at the entrance of a path leading into the heart of a mountain ridge, along the foot of which they had been for some time marching. This chapel seemed to serve as a landmark to the officer, who at once abandoned the road, and struck into the mountains.

After proceeding a short distance over a rough and stony track, the detachment found itself completely enclosed by hills, and lost sight of the plain almost at the same moment that it came in view of a sort of rocky shelf or platform on which stood the scattered houses of a mountain hamlet. At the first of these houses, which was of rather larger dimensions than its neighbours, and which, to judge from two or three empty wine-skins hanging outside the door, and from the size of the stable attached to it, aspired to the title of a posada, the lieutenant halted his party. While the men were resting themselves, and applying to their canteens and haversacks for refreshment, their officer ascended three or four rough wooden steps, and entered the principal room of this roadside inn.

Five persons were already assembled there; three of them peasants and muleteers who were playing with a dirty pack of cards at a table in the middle of the apartment, and who suspended their game for an instant to gaze at the Frenchman, with no very friendly expression on their dark countenances; the posadera, who was busy at the fire, preparing something in an earthen *puchero*, which emitted a most anomalous, and—unless perhaps to Spanish nostrils—not very savoury odour; and, a man almost concealed in the dark recess of the large chimney, through the gloom of which the new comer in vain attempted to scan his features.

The young soldier asked for a glass of wine, and while the hostess was getting it he lounged carelessly up to the table where the peasants were engrossed in the intricacies of their game.

"'Tis a hot day and a rough road," said the officer in an emphatic tone, as he stopped beside the chair of one of the men.

The players apparently did not conceive his remark to require an answer; at least they took no notice of it, beyond a repetition of the somewhat ominous glances with which they had greeted his entrance.

The silence in the room remained unbroken for about the time it would take to count ten, and then two short dry distinct coughs were heard from under the broad projecting chimney, and the man who had been sitting there crossed the room with the assistance of a stick, which a slight limp rendered necessary.

The officer looked keenly at him as he passed, but the other did not seem conscious of his presence, and left the house. Five minutes later the detachment resumed its march.

It was the hour of the siesta, and the young officer who had not yet been long enough in Spain to get accustomed to the striking features and bizarre character of the country and its inhabitants, gazed with much interest around him as he passed through the hamlet on his upward march.

The sun was in its zenith, and the only shade to be obtained was that afforded by the projections of the clumsy wooden balconies, which Spanish custom rendered necessary adjuncts even to the paltry habitations of this wretched village. In the black patches of shadow under these balconies, men, women, and children were huddled together, seeking refuge from the almost tropical heat; the men, for the most part, wrapped in their shabby brown cloaks upon the Spanish principle of what keeps out the cold keeps out the heat, the women with their black, gipsy locks, peeping from under bright coloured cotton handkerchiefs, and the younger portion of the community revelling in full liberty of limb, unbreeched, and for the most part, shirtless.

As the detachment passed, some of the men, roused from their mid-day doze by the measured tramp of the soldiers, gazed sullenly at them from the small space left between their slouched hats and gracefully draped capes; while a number of the children, springing up from the bed of dust in which they were lying, ran after the French with cries of *garacho*, and other unflattering epithets, till a gesture of menace, or the heat of the sun striking on their tawny little bodies, drove them back to their lairs. The reddish colour of the soil, and of the adjacent rocks—of fragments of which the houses were built—added to the glowing tone of the picture; the very birds sat silent on the trees and bushes, and two or three wiry-haired hounds lay with their parched tongues far out of their mouths, snapping and panting for breath. If looked at in detail, there was much filth and squalor in the scene, but the *coup d'œil* of the whole had a character and colouring,—an exotic sort of originality, that it was striking in the highest degree.

"Vastly like a picture of Murillo's," muttered Eugene Larose to himself, as he strode up the mountain-path at the head of his little band. "Very picturesque, indeed; those cloaked fellows uncommonly bravo-like, and some of the women very pretty, or would be so, at least, if they could be persuaded of the virtues of soap-and-water. If I had time I should like to take a sketch of one or two of yonder groups. On the whole, I really do not regret having been sent south instead of north. To be sure, in the other case I should have served under the Emperor, but then I should have seen nothing but heavy sour-kraut-eating Germans, instead of basking in the double fires of Spanish sun and Spanish beauty. But here is my guide;—let us hear what he says as to the chances of capturing this terrible guerilla. *Hola, camarado!*"

The person thus accosted was the same who had left the posada after exchanging with Larose a concerted signal of recognition. He was a man who might have been taken for five-and-thirty years old, had not the colour of his hair, which was gray, and a stooping, almost decrepit gait, given him the appearance of much greater age. His stoop, however, seemed partly owing to the slight lameness before mentioned, the cause of which was not very apparent, and which did not prevent his walking, aided by his stick, at a pace sufficiently rapid to keep up with the quick march of the soldiers. His countenance, although strongly marked, was unwrinkled, his hair cut short, contrary to the prevailing fashion among Spanish peasantry, of allowing it to grow in long ringlets over the shoulders; his dress was of plain coarse materials.

The conversation which now established itself between Larose and this man not being carried on with any particular mystery or view to concealment, reached the ears of the leading files of the detachment, and from them it soon became known to the whole party that the object of the expedition was to capture the guerilla known as "L'Invisible," who with half a dozen of his associates had been traced to these mountains.

The Spaniard who had joined them, and who was to serve as their guide to the haunts of the guerilla, was recognised by some of the soldiers, who had seen him in different garrison towns, as a man believed to be occasionally employed by the French generals in the useful, if not very honourable capacity, of a spy.

After ascending for more than an hour, the guide struck into the bed of a watercourse, almost dry at this season, and overshadowed by trees that interlaced their branches above the heads of the party. Some few hundred yards up this gully was a perpendicular bank of earth and rock, over which rippled a small rivulet, that in winter and spring was often converted into a roaring torrent by the rains and melted snows. The bank was to be ascended by a narrow zigzag path, up which only one man could go at a time.

At the top of the precipice was a ravine, stretching far back between two mountains, and rendered gloomy as night by a forest of pine-trees, the space between the trunks of which was filled up with thick and tangled brush-wood.

"This is a strange road you are bringing us," said Larose to his guide, as they arrived within a hundred yards of the waterfall.

"Those we seek are not to be found in the open field, or on the highway," was the reply. "Once through this ravine, the worst is over. But it were as well you gave your men a little breathing time. They are not used to this sort of work, and you should save their wind, for they may want it by-and-by. Halt them here for a few moments, while I go forward and reconnoitre."

The detachment was accordingly halted, and the Spaniard ascended the winding path up the waterfall, slowly, and somewhat impeded by his lameness. On the top of the precipice he paused for a moment, gazed down upon the party he had just left, and then turning away, disappeared among the pine-trees.

The young officer who had been watching his ascent started. He fancied he saw a singular change in the man at the moment of his disappearance. The stoop in the shoulders disappeared, the slouching gait became an erect and manly carriage, the halting step a bold and fearless stride, during the ten seconds that elapsed between the peasant's attainment of the top of the high bank and his disappearance among the pine-trees.

Before Larose had time to reflect on this strange circumstance, or to decide whether it were not an effect of his own imagination, excited by the wild and novel scenes he had been passing through, a scuffling was heard in the wood, and the voice of the guide calling out for assistance.

The young officer darted forward, followed by his men; but he had not taken three steps towards the waterfall, when a musket was fired, and the unfortunate Frenchman fell back lifeless into his soldiers' arms. This first shot was followed by a second and third, admirably directed, and which took effect upon two non-commissioned officers of the party. The shots were evidently from the edge of the pine-wood, for the flashes were plainly seen through the branches, but it was impossible to distinguish the persons who fired them; and panic-struck at the loss of their officer and sergeants, at the mysterious nature of the attack, and the deadly precision of the fire, the soldiers, after pouring one or two random volleys into the wood, retired down the watercourse, carrying their dead with them. They were not, however, allowed to retreat unmolested, and before they got upon open ground, two more of their number fell by shots fired from the banks overhanging the ravine.

The last of the French had scarcely left the scene of this short, and to them fatal conflict, when a man, carrying three muskets on his shoulder, appeared upon it. Striding rapidly along the watercourse, he bounded with astonishing activity up the steep narrow path at its farther end, and entered the pine-wood, whence he a moment afterwards emerged, disencumbered of the muskets. After pausing for a moment at the spot where one of the Frenchmen had fallen, the blood from whose wound formed a little pool upon the ground, he left the ravine.

The French detachment halted at the village on the mountain-side, the time necessary to press a bullock-cart, on which they placed the bodies of their dead comrades, and resumed their retreat. Evening was approaching, but they had no inclination to pass the night in that neighbourhood, and, tired though they were, preferred returning to the garrison.

They were leaving the village when they heard a shout, and looking back, to their no small astonishment, beheld their guide limping after them. He had evidently been roughly handled, for his head was bleeding, and bound up with a handkerchief, and he walked with greater difficulty than before.

The soldiers crowded round him, and overwhelmed him with questions as to what had passed, the character and number of the enemy that had driven them back, and how he had escaped with his life after running, as it seemed, into the very jaws of the lion. He was able to give them little information.

He had scarcely entered the wood, he said, when he ran against a man who struck him down with a blow from the butt end of a musket, which had rendered him insensible, and he heard nothing of the skirmish that followed. The guerillas, or whatever they were, doubtless left him as dead; for when he came to his senses, he was alone, and conjecturing that the soldiers had retreated, he followed them as soon as he found himself able.

"Well," said the corporal, who had now taken command of the party, "I am glad you are returned, and you must come back to Tora with us to explain the matter. I am sure I do not know what account to give of it myself, it all passed so quickly and in such a cursed dark hole. Here! you can jump up on the cart. You won't mind riding with the dead men, will you?"

"Ningunamente, not in the least," replied the Spaniard, and climbing into the cart, installed himself, apparently very comfortably, amongst the as yet scarcely cold bodies of the Frenchmen.

The sun had set, and the soldiers, retarded by the slow pace of the bullock-cart, had as yet accomplished but a small portion of the way to their garrison, when on passing a cross-road, the clatter of horses' feet was heard, and the next moment a party of light cavalry trotted up.

"Whom have we here?" cried the officer commanding the dragoons. "Whence, and whither going?"

The corporal on whom the charge of the detachment had devolved at the death of his superiors, related the events of the day. The officer became furious on hearing of the loss the infantry had sustained, and their inglorious retreat before what could be at most but a few armed peasants. Checking his horse, he allowed the soldiers to pass, and went to look at the dead bodies.

"That is the guide, sir," said the corporal; "he is lame, and was wounded in the skirmish, so I allowed him to ride."

"Hum!" replied the officer, "it is his fault that you got so maltreated. Hallo! you sir! how did you manage to lead the party into such a scrape?"

The Spaniard made no answer for a space of nearly a minute. The officer at first thought he slept, and pushed him with his sheathed sabre; but a second glance through the now fast increasing gloom satisfied him that he was broad awake, his eyes wide open, and their steady gaze fixed full on the face of his questioner.

"Is the fellow drunk or stupid?" exclaimed the officer. "Answer me, sirrah, will you! You undertake to guide a detachment to the lurking-place of these cursed 'Invisible,' and you get half of them cut off. Do you know that I should be justified in hanging you on the next tree upon suspicion of treachery?"

"As your excellency pleases," replied the deep voice of the guide. "The fault was none of mine, nor is it too late to repair it with your assistance."

"How so?" demanded the other. "What can cavalry do in the fastnesses in which these guerillas hide themselves?"

"Much," replied the peasant, "in this particular case at least. 'L'Invisible' and his party, having beaten back the troops this morning, will not expect another attack to-night, and from my knowledge of the country and of their usual haunts, I can judge to a certainty where they will bivouac. It is in a mountain hollow, easily accessible to cavalry, the ascent being gradual, and ground open. I had already thought of leading the infantry thither, but besides the loss of their officer, they are weary and disheartened."

The dragoon cast a searching and suspicious look at the speaker, and then, turning away, rode in silence by the side of the cart, to which he was so near, that by extending his arm he might almost have touched the dead bodies it contained. The guide remained perfectly motionless, his eyes fixed upon the officer, and apparently expecting him to renew the dialogue between them.

After the lapse of two or three minutes, he began to raise himself in the cart, very slowly and gradually, and with a careful avoidance of noise, until he had got his left arm on the side of the vehicle, supporting his body, which was stretched out over the wheel. In this position he was leaning almost across the crupper of the French officer's charger. He raised his right hand, in which gleamed a long, keen knife, and remained for a moment motionless as a statue, for which he might have been taken, but for the expression of fierce triumph that flashed out of his eyes, and illumined his dark and strongly-marked features. The hand quivered slightly; in another moment it would descend.

"Is this fellow trustworthy, think ye?" said the officer, suddenly touching his horse with the spur, and making him bound forward to the side of the corporal, who was marching a few paces in front.

The corporal glanced back at the cart where the guide was lying, apparently as inanimate as the dead bodies beside him.

"He is much esteemed, sir, by the general; and I am told has more than once made himself very useful. Our poor lieutenant seemed to put all confidence in him."

The officer again dropped back to the side of the cart.

"What if I accept your offer, fellow, and go in quest of these rascally guerillas. How far shall we have to ride, and how will you accompany us? Not in the bullock-cart, I imagine."

The Spaniard mused for a moment.

"Some three leagues, perhaps, but the road is good. As to myself, dismount one of your men. I am not so much hurt but I will manage to ride."

"Bon!" replied the officer. "But hark ye," added he, as he drew nearer to the cart, "there is another point to settle. A thousand dollars are offered for the head of 'L'Invisible.' The reward will be paid to you if we capture him; but I shall expect half of it. Otherwise you may catch him yourself, or return to Tora to be rated, and perhaps shot, for leading your detachment into an ambushade."

"I accept the terms," answered the guide. "Depend on it, whatever reward I get, you shall share with me."

"That is not all," said the officer; "I trust you fellows no farther than I can see you, and shall take care you do not give me the slip in the dark. Remember, that on the first shadow of treachery, I send a bullet through your head."

The Spaniard made no reply to this threat, nor did he once open his lips to object or remonstrate, when, after being mounted on a troop horse, a rope was tied tightly round his right wrist, and the other end consigned to the keeping of a hereculean dragoon. The officer himself took up his station close to the guide's bridle-hand, and pointing significantly to his holsters, whence projected the butt ends of two pistols, gave the word, and the horsemen began retracing their steps towards the mountains.

The night was starless and exceedingly dark when the party of dragoons, who had been marching for two hours along country- lanes and sheep-paths, the intricacies of which never for a moment caused the smallest hesitation on the part of their guide, commenced the ascent of a long hill, that sloped, however, so gradually, as to cause little fatigue to the horses. Nearly two more hours were consumed in ascending this mountain, and in marching along the ridge of which it formed a part. The officer began to get impatient.

"Do you mean to keep us wandering about here till daylight?" demanded he, glancing suspiciously at his guide, whom he had not left for an instant during the whole march. "Or is it that you cannot perform your promise, and are afraid to confess as much?"

"Not so, senor," replied the Spaniard, in a low voice. "On the contrary,

we are close to the place where I expect—nay, am certain to find what I seek. Let the men be perfectly silent, and march them in line, so that at the word they may be ready to gallop forward, and surround the enemy. If the guerillas had the least notice of our approach, they might escape us yet, thanks to the darkness."

Encouraged by the prospect of a speedy and successful termination to the expedition, the officer did as he was requested. They were now marching along the top of a mountain. The ground was level, or rather slightly descending, and covered with heath, which deadened the noise of the horses' feet. There was room enough for a squadron to have charged along in line.

"Los veo!" said the guide, in a hollow whisper. "I see them! I saw a man pacing up and down. It is their sentry!"

"You must have the eyes of a cat," returned the French officer. "It is as dark as pitch, and I can scarcely see my horse's head."

"There! there!" cried the Spaniard. "Charge! senor, gallop! or we may yet lose them."

"Au galop!" shouted the officer, drawing his sabre.

The dragoons drove their spurs into their horses' flanks, and set off at full speed. But they had not galloped thirty yards when the dull thumping sound of the hoofs suddenly ceased, and a shout or rather shriek of consternation and despair pealed through the night air, and was echoed from the hills around. Loud and distinct above that shriek rose a wild cry of savage exultation and triumph. The next moment all was still.

On the morning subsequent to the events just narrated, a frightful spectacle presented itself to some of the inhabitants of the little village of Benevente who were proceeding to their customary labours in the fields. At the foot of a precipice several hundred feet high lay the bodies of thirty dragoons and their horses, most of them dead, some dying, all horribly crushed and mutilated. A man in peasant's clothes was amongst them, stone dead, and his finger's convulsively clutching the throat of a French officer, whom it was supposed he had caught at in falling by a sort of instinct of self-preservation. He was recognised by some of the peasants as a native of a neighbouring hamlet, by name Esteban Lanz.

The few amongst the dragoons who were still alive were conveyed in carts to the nearest French garrison. The account they gave of the affair was, that as they were proceeding in quest of some guerillas, and at the very moment they expected to capture them, their guide, deceived probably by the darkness of the night, led them over the precipice which had proved fatal to so many of their number.

A party was sent to bury the dead, and the bodies of the sub lieutenant Pissana, who commanded the detachment, of the guide and three-and-twenty dragoons, were consigned to a common grave in the churchyard of the adjacent village. A rough stone slab may still be seen there, with a rudely-carved inscription, recording the manner of their death. The accident is well remembered in the wild country in which it occurred, and the cliff behind the village of Benevent still bears the name of El Salto de los Franceses, or the Frenchmen's Leap.

From that day forward, the guerilla called "L'Invisible," was no more heard of in Catalonia.

THE "18TH BRUMAIRE."

In the handsomest part of the Chaussee D'Antin, surrounded on every side by the splendid palaces and gorgeous mansions of the wealthiest inhabitants of Paris, stands a small, isolated, modest edifice, more like a Roman villa than the house of some northern capital, in the midst of a park—one of those pleasure grounds which the French, heaven knows why, designate as "Jardin Anglais." The outer gate opens on the Rue Chateaubriand, and here to this hour you may trace, among the time-worn and dilapidated ornaments, some remnants of the strange figures which once decorated the pediment; weapons of various ages and countries, grouped together with sphinxes, an Egyptian emblem; the faint outlines of pyramids, the peaceful-looking ibis are there, among the helmets and cuirasses—the massive swords and the death dealing arms of our modern warfare. In the midst of all, the number 52, stands encircled with a little garland of leaves, but even they are scarce distinguishable now, and the number itself requires the aid of faith to detect it.

Within, the place speaks of neglect and decay; the shrubs are broken and uncared-for; the parterres are weed grown; a few marble pedestals rise amid the rank grass, to mark where statues once stood, but no other trace of them remains: the very fountain itself is fissured and broken, and the water has worn its channel along the herbage, and ripples on its wayward course unrestrained. The villa is almost a ruin: the sashes have fallen in many places; the roof, too, has given way, and fragments of the mirrors which once decorated the walls, lie strewn upon the floor with pieces of rare marble. Wherever the eye turns, some emblem of the waste of its former occupant meets you—some fresco, stained with damp, and green with mildew; some rustic bench, beneath a spreading tree, where the view opens more boldly; but all are decayed. The inlaid floors are rotting; the stuccoed ceilings, the richly carved architraves fall in fragments as your footsteps move, and the roomed walls themselves seem scarce able to resist the rude blast whose wailing cadence steals along them.

Oh, how ten-fold more powerfully are the memories of the dead preserved by the scenes they habited while in life, than by the tombs and epigraphs that cover their ashes! How do the lessons of one speak home to the heart calling up again, before the mind's eye, the very images themselves! not investing them with attributes our reason coldly rejects.

I know not the reason that this villa has been suffered thus to lapse into utter ruin in the richest quarter of so splendid a city. I believe some long contested litigation had its share in the causes. My present business is rather with its past fortunes; and to them I will now return.

It was on a cold dark morning of November, in the year 1799, that the street we have just mentioned, then called the "Rue de la Victoire," became crowded with equipages and horsemen; cavalcades of generals and their staffs, in full uniform, arrived and were admitted within the massive gateway, before which, now groups of curious and inquiring gazers were assembled, questioning and guessing as to the unusual spectacle. The number of led horses that paraded the street, the long lines of carriages on either side nearly filled the way; still there reigned a strange, unaccountable stillness among the crowd, who, as if appalled by the very mystery of the scene, repressed their ordinary tumult, and waited anxiously to watch the result.

Among the most interested spectators were the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses, who saw, for the first time in their lives, the quarter the scene of such excitement. Every window was filled with faces, all turned towards that portal which so seldom was seen to open in general; more remarkable for the retirement, and privacy of their habits, than for aught else.

At each arrival the crowd separated to permit the equipage to approach the gate; and then might be heard the low murmur—for it was no louder—of "Ha! that's Lasalle. See the mark of the sabre-wound on his cheek!" Or, "Here comes Augereau. You'd never think that handsome fellow, with the soft eye, could be such a tiger." "Place, there, place for Colonel Savary." "Ah, dark Savary! we all know him."

Stirring as was the scene without, it was far inferior to the excitement that prevailed within the walls. There, every path and avenue that led to the villa were thronged with military men, walking or standing together in groups, conversing eagerly, and with anxious looks, but cautiously withal, and as though half fearing to be overheard.

Through the windows of the villa might be seen servants passing and re-passing in haste, arranging the preparations for a magnificent *dejeune*—for on that morning the generals of division and the principal military men in Paris were invited to breakfast with one of their most distinguished companions—General Bonaparte.

Since his return from Egypt Bonaparte had been living a life of apparent privacy and estrangement from all public affairs. The circumstances under which he quitted the army under his command, the unauthorized mode of his entry into France—without recall—without even permission—had caused his friends considerable uneasiness on his behalf; and nothing short of the unobtrusive and simple habits he maintained, had probably saved him, from being called on to account for his conduct.

They, however, who themselves were pursuing the career of ambition, were better satisfied to see him thus, than hazard a-y thing by so bold an expedient. They believed that he was only great at the head of his legions; and they felt a triumphant pleasure at the obscurity into which the victor of Loi and the Pyramids had fallen, when measured with themselves. They witnessed, then, with sincere satisfaction, the seeming in-olence of his present life. They watched him in those sores which Madame Bonaparte gave enjoying his repose with such thorough delight—those delightful evenings the most brilliant for all that wit, intellect, and beauty can bestow; which Talleyrand and Sieyes, Fouché, Carnot, Lemerrier, and a host of others frequented; and they dreamed that his hour of ambition was over, and that he had fallen into the inglorious indolence of the tired soldier.

While the greater number of the guests strolled listlessly through the little park, a small group sat in the vestibule of the villa, whose looks of impatience were ever turned towards the door, from which their host was expected to enter. One of these was a tall slight man, with a high but narrow forehead, dark eyes, deeply buried in his head, and overshadowed by long heavy lashes; his face was pale, and evinced evident signs of uneasiness, as he listened without ever speaking, to those about him. This was General Moreau. He was dressed in the uniform of a general of the day: the broad-skirted embroidered coat; the half boot; the embroidered tri-colour scarf, and a chapeau with a deep feather trimming—a simple, but a handsome costume, and which well became his well formed figure. Beside him sat a large powerfully built man whose long black hair, descending in loose curls on his neck and back, as well as the black brilliancy of his eye and deep olive complexion bespoke a native of the south. Though his dress was like Moreau's, there was a careless jauntiness in his air, and a reckless "abandon" in his manner, that gave the costume a character totally different. The very negligence of his scarf-knot was a type of himself; and his thickly-uttered French, interspersed here and there with Italian phrases showed that Murat cared little to cult his words. At his left was a hard featured, stern looking man, in the uniform of the dragoons—this was Andreossy, and opposite, and leaning on a sofa, was General Lannes. He was pale and sickly; he had risen from a bed of illness to be present, and lay, with half-closed lids, neither noticing nor taking interest, in what went on about him.

At the window stood Marmont, conversing with a slight but handsome youth in the uniform of the chasseurs. Eugene Beauharnois was then but twenty-two, but even at that early age displayed the soldier like ardour which so eminently distinguished him in after life.

At length the door of the saloon opened, and Bonaparte, dressed in the style of the period, appeared; his cheeks were sunk and thin; his hair, long, flat and silky, hung straight down at either side of his pale and handsome face, in which now one faint tinge of colour marked either cheek. He saluted the rest with a warm shake of the hand, and then stooping down, said to Murat—

"But, Bernadotte—where is he?"

"Yonder," said Murat, carelessly pointing to a group outside the terrace, where a tall fine-looking man, dressed in plain clothes, and without any indication of the soldier in his costume, stood in the midst of a knot of officers.

"Ha! general," said Napoleon, advancing towards him, "you are not in uniform. How comes this?"

"I am not on service," was the cold reply.

"No, but you soon shall be," said Bonaparte, with an effort at cordiality of manner.

"I do not anticipate it," rejoined Bernadotte, with an expression at once firm and menacing.

Bonaparte drew him to one side gently, and while placing his arm within his, spoke to him with eagerness and energy for several minutes; but a cold shake of the head, without one word in reply, was all that he could obtain. "What!" exclaimed Bonaparte aloud, so that even the others heard him. "What! are you not convinced of it? Will not this Directory annihilate the revolution—have we a moment to lose? The Council of Ancients are met to appoint me commander in chief of the army—go, put on your uniform, and join me at once."

"I will not join a rebellion," was the insolent reply.

Bonaparte shrunk back, and dropped his arm; then rallying in a moment, added, "Tis well—you'll at least remain here until the decree of the council is issued."

"Am I, then a prisoner?" said Bernadotte, with a loud voice.

"No, no, there is no question of that kind; but pledge me your honour to undertake nothing adverse to me in this affair."

"As a mere citizen, I will not do so," replied the other; "but if I am ordered by a sufficient authority, I warn you."

"What do you mean, then, as a mere citizen?"

"That I will not go forth into the streets, to stir up the populace—nor into the barracks, to harangue the soldiers."

"Enough; I am satisfied. As for myself, I only desire to rescue the republic; that done, I shall retire to Malmaison, and live peaceably."

A smile of a doubtful, but sardonic character, passed over Bernadotte's features, as he heard these words, while he turned coldly away, and walked towards the gate. "What, Augereau, thou here," said he as he passed along, and with a contemptuous shrug he moved forward, and soon gained the streets. And truly, it seemed strange that he, the fiercest of the Jacobins, the general who made his army assemble in clubs and knots, to deliberate during the cam-

paign of Italy, that he should now lend himself to uphold the power of Bonaparte.

Meanwhile, the salons were crowded in every part, party succeeding party at the tables—where, amid the clattering of the breakfast, and the clinking of glasses, the conversation swelled into a loud and continued din. Fouché, Berthier, and Talleyrand, were also to be seen, distinguishable by their dress among the military uniforms—and here now might be heard the mingled doubts and fears, the hopes and dreads of each, as to the coming events; and many watched the pale, care-worn face of Bourienne, the secretary of Bonaparte, as if to read in his features the chances of success; while the general himself went from room to room, chatting confidentially with each in turn, recapitulating as he went, the phrase, "the country is in danger," and exhorting all to be patient, and wait calmly for the decision of the council, which could not, now, be long of coming.

As they were still at table, M. Carnot, the deputation of the council, entered, and delivered into Bonaparte's hands the sealed packet, from which he announced to the assembly that the legislative bodies had been removed to St. Cloud, to avoid the interruption of popular clamour, and that he, General Bonaparte, was named commander-in-chief of the army, and entrusted with the execution of the decree.

This first step had been effected by the skilful agency of Sieyes and Roger Ducos, who spent the whole of the preceding night in issuing the summonses for a meeting of the council, to such as they knew to be friendly to the cause they advocated. All the others received theirs too late; forty-two only were present at the meeting, and by that fragment of the council the decree was passed.

When Bonaparte had read the document to the end, he looked around him at the fierce determined faces, bronzed and seared in many a battle-field, and said, "My brothers in arms, will you stand by me here?"

"We will, we will," shouted they with one roar of enthusiasm.

"And thou, Lefebvre, did I hear thy voice there?"

"Yes, general; to the death I'm yours."

Bonaparte unbuckled the sabre he wore at his side, and placing in Lefebvre's hands, said, "I wore this at the Pyramids; it is a fitting present from one soldier to another. Now, then, to horse."

The splendid cortege moved along the grassy alleys to the gate, outside which now, three regiments of cavalry, and three battalions of the 17th, were drawn up. Never was a sovereign, in all his pride of power, surrounded with a more gorgeous staff. The conquerors of Italy, Germany, and Egypt, the greatest warriors of Europe were there grouped around him—whose glorious star, even then, shone high above them.

Scarcely had Bonaparte issued forth into the street, than raising his hat above his head, he called aloud, "*Vive la republique*," the troops caught up the cry, and the air rang with the wild cheer.

At the head of this force, surrounded by the generals, he rode slowly along towards the Tuileries; at the entrance to the gardens of which stood Carnot, dressed in his robe of senator in waiting to receive him. Four colonels, his aide-de-camps, marched in front of Bonaparte, as he entered the Hall of the Ancients—his walk was slow and measured, and his air studiously respectful.

The decree being read, General Bonaparte replied in a few broken phrases, expressive of his sense of the confidence reposed in him, the words came with difficulty, and he spoke like one abashed and confused. He was no longer in front of his armed legions, whose war-worn looks inspired the burning eloquence of the camp—those flashing images, those daring flights, suited not the cold assembly, in whose presence he now stood—and he was ill at ease, and disconcerted. It was only, at length, when turning to the generals who pressed on after him, he addressed the following words, that his confidence in himself came back, and that he felt himself once more.

"This is the republic we desire to have—and this we shall have—for it is the wish of those who now stand around me."

The cries of "*Vive la republique*," burst from the officers at once, as they waived their *chapeaux* in the air, mingled with louder shouts of "*vive le general*!"

If the great events of the day were now over with the council, they had only begun with Bonaparte.

"Whither now, general?" said Lefebvre, as he rode to his side.

"To the guillotine, I suppose," said Andreossy, with a look of sarcasm.

"We shall see that," was the cold answer of Bonaparte, while he gave the word to push forward to the Luxembourg.

EPISODES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

THE NILE—ITS CREATION—ITS SOURCES—ITS IMPORTANCE—ITS INUNDATION—ITS BATTLE.

"Egypt is the gift of the Nile," said one* who was bewildered by its antiquity before our history was born—(at least called the father of it.) A bountiful gift it was, that the "strange, mysterious, solitary stream" bore down in its bosom from the luxuriant tropics to the desert. For many an hour have I stood upon the city-crowning citadel of Cairo, and gazed unweariedly on the scene of matchless beauty and wonder that lay stretched beneath my view. Cities and ruins of cities, palm-forests and green savannahs, gardens, and palaces, and groves of olive. On one side, the boundless desert, with its pyramids; on the other, the land of Goshen, with its luxuriant plains, stretching far away to the horizon. Yet this is an exotic land! That river, winding like a serpent through its paradise, has brought it from far regions, unknown to man. That strange and richly-varied panorama has had a long voyage of it! Those quiet plains have tumbled down the cataracts; those demure gardens have flirted with the Isle of Flowers,† five hundred miles away; and those very pyramids have floated down the waves of Nile. In short, to speak chemically that river is a solution of Ethiopia's richest regions, and that vast country is merely a precipitate. At Paestum one sees the remnant of a city elaborated from mountain streams; the Temple of Neptune came down from the Calabrian Hills, by water; and the Forum, like Demosthenes, prepared itself for its tumult-scoring destiny among the dash of torrents, and the crash of rocks;‡ but here we have a whole kingdom risen, like Aphrodite, from the wave.

The sources of the Nile are as much involved in mystery as every thing else connected with this strange country. The statue, under which it was represented, was carved out of black marble, to denote its Ethiopian origin, but crowned with thorns, to symbolise the difficulty of approaching the fountain-head. It reposed appropriately on a sphinx, the type of enigmas, and dolphins and crocodiles disported at its feet. In early ages, "caput quærens Nili?" was

* Herodotus.

† Elephantina.

‡ For an account of the formation of the travertine, of which Paestum was built, see Sir Humphrey's beautiful and imaginative "Last Days of a Philosopher."

equivalent to our expression of seeking the philosopher's stone, or interest on Pennsylvanian bonds. The pursuit has baffled the scrutiny and self-devotion of modern enterprise, as effectually as it did the exquisiteness of ancient despots, and the theories of ancient philosophers. Alexander and Ptolemy sent expeditions in search of it. Herodotus gave it up; Pomponius Mela brought it from the antipodes, Pliny from Mauritania, and Homer from heaven. This last theory, if not the most satisfactory, is, at least, the most incontrovertible, and sounds better than the Meadows of Geesh, where Bruce thought he had detected its infancy in the fountains of the Blue River. This was only a foundling, however,—a mere tributary stream; the naiads of the Nile are as virgin as ever. I have conversed with slave-dealers who were familiar with Abyssinia, as far as the Galla country, and still their information was bounded by the vague word, south—still from the south gushed the great river.

This much is certain, that from the junction of the Taccaze or Astaboras, the Nile runs a course of upwards of twelve hundred miles, to the sea, without one tributary stream—"example," as Humboldt says, "unique dans l'histoire hydrographique du globe." During this career it is exposed to the evaporation of a burning sun, drawn off into a thousand canals, absorbed by porous and thirsty banks drank by every living thing, from the crocodile to the pasha, from the papyrus to the palm-tree; and yet, strange to say, it seems to pour into the sea a wider stream than it displays between the cataracts a thousand miles away. The Nile is all in all to the Egyptian; if it withheld its waters for a week, his country would become a desert; it waters and manures his fields, it supplies his harvests, and then carries off their produce to the sea; he drinks of it, he fishes in it, he travels on it; it is his slave, and used to be his god. Egyptian mythology recognized in it the Creative Principle, and, very poetically, engaged it in eternal war with the desert, under the name of Typhon, or the destructive principle. Divine honours were paid to the aqueous deity; and it is whispered among mythologists, that the heart's-blood of a virgin was yearly added to its stream,—not unlikely, in a country where they worshipped crocodiles, and were anxious to consult their feelings.

The Arab looks upon all men as aliens who were not fortunate enough to be born beside the Nile; and the traveller is soon talked into a belief that it affords the most delicious water in the world. Ship-loads of it are annually sent to Constantinople, where it is in great request, not only on epicurean, but on Malthusian grounds. The natives dignify their beloved river with the title of "El Bahr," the sea, and pass one-third of their lives in watching the flow, and the remainder in watching the ebb of its mighty tide. The inundation begins in May, attains its full height in August, and thenceforth diminishes, until freshly swollen in the following year. The stream is economized within its channel until it reaches Egypt, when it spreads abroad over the vast valley. Then it is that the country presents the most striking of its Protean aspects; it becomes an archipelago, studded with green islands, and bounded only by the chain of the Libyan Hills and the purple range of the Mokattam Mountains. Every island is crowned with a village, or an antique temple, and shadowy with palm-trees, or acacia groves. Every city becomes a Venice, and the bazaars display their richest and gayest cloths and tapestries to the illuminations that are reflected from the streaming streets. The earth is sheltered from the burning sun under the cool bright veil of waters; the labour of the husbandman is suspended: it is the season of universal festivity. Boatmen alone are busy; but it would seem to be pleasant business, for the sound of music is never silent beneath those large, white, wing-like sails, that now glitter in the moonlight, and now gleam ruddily, reflecting the fragrant watchfires on the deck. In one place you come upon a floating fair, held in boats, flushed with painted lanterns, and fluttering with gay flags. In another, a bridal procession is gliding by, as her friends convey some bride, with mirth and music, to her bridegroom. On one island you find a shawled and turbaned group of bearded men, smoking their chibouques and sipping coffee. On another a merry band of Arab girls is dancing to the music of their own wild song. And then, perhaps, with the lotus flower

"Wreathed in the midnight of their hair,"

or the light garment, that scarce concealed their graceful forms, folded as a turban, they swim from grove to grove, the quiet lake scarce rippling round their dark bosoms.

Great part of this picture is of rare occurrence, however—the inundation seldom rising to a height greater than what is necessary for purposes of irrigation, and presenting, alas! rather the appearance of a swamp than of an archipelago.

As the waters retire, vegetation seems to exude from every pore. Previous to its bath, the country, like Pelias, looked shrivelled, and faded, and worn out; a few days after it, old Egypt looks as good as new, wrapped in a richly green mantle embroidered with flowers. As the Nile has every thing his own way throughout his wide domains, he is capricious in proportion, and gives spring in October, and autumn in February. Another curious freak of his is to make his bed in the highest part of the great valley through which he runs: this bed is a sort of savings-bank, by means of which the deposits of four thousand years have enabled it to rise in the world, and to run along a causeway of its own.

This sloping away from the river's edge materially facilitates the irrigation of the country, in which 50,000 oxen, and at least double that number of men are perpetually employed. The mean rate of accumulated soil seems to be about four inches in a century in Lower Egypt; and about forty feet depth of soil has thus been flung over the desert since the deluge. In the time of Mæris the lands were sufficiently watered, if the Nile rose to the height of eight cubits; in the time of Herodotus, it required fifteen cubits; and now the river must rise to the height of twenty-two before the whole country is overflowed. Still, as the deposits increase the Delta, the river is proportionately dammed up, and thus the great watering machine is kept in order by Nature, with a little assistance from Mehemet Ali.

Formerly, when vexed by the armaments of a Sesostris, or the priestly pageants of a Pharaoh, the Nile required seven months to vent its murmurs to the sea. In modern times it finds two sufficient: Damietta, of crusading memory, presides over one, and Rosetta, in Arabic, "el Rasid," the birth-place of our old friend Haroun, takes advantage of the other. The former is waited upon by Lake Menzaleh, where alone the real ibis and the papyrus are now found—the latter looks eastward on Lake Bourlos, and westward over Aboukir Bay, of glorious memory.

'Tis an old story now, that battle of the Nile; but, as the traveller paces by these silent and deserted shores, that have twice seen England's flag "triumphant over wave and war," he lives again in the stirring days, when the scenery before him was the arena where France and England contended for the empire of the East. Let us rest from blazing sun and weary travel, in the cool shadow of this palm-tree. Our camels are kneeling round us, and our Arabs light their little fires in silence. They remember well the scenes we are

recalling, though many a Briton has forgotten them; and the names of Nelson and of Abercrombie are already sounding faint through the long vista of departed times. We overlook the scene of both their battles, and envy not the Spartan his Thermopylæ, or the Athenian his Salamis. What Greece was to the Persian despot, England was to Napoleon; nation after nation shrank from staking its existence at issue for a mere principle, and England alone was at war with the congregated world, in defence of that world's freedom. Yet not quite alone; she had one faithful ally in the cause of liberty and Christianity, and that ally was—the Turk!

The bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals; the line of deep blue water, and the old castle of Aboukir map out the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, '98. Having landed Bonaparte and his army, Bruceys lay moored in the form of a crescent, close along the shore. He had thirteen sail of the line, besides frigates and gun-boats, carrying twelve hundred guns, and about eleven thousand men, while the British fleet that was in search of him, only mustered eight thousand men, and one thousand guns. The French were protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the west by the castle, and numerous batteries. Their position was considered impregnable by themselves; yet when Hood, in the *Zealous*, made signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet—that fleet which had swept the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe—and now pressed to the battle as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them. Nelson had long been sailing in battle-order, and he now only lay to in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to him, but he knew that where there was room for a Frenchman to lie at anchor, there must be room for an English ship to lie along-side of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it would be advisable to commence the attack that night; and receiving the answer that he longed for, the signal for "close battle" flew from his mast-head. The delay thus caused to the *Zealous*, gave Foley the lead, who showed the example of leading *inside* the enemy's line, and anchored by the stern, alongside the second ship, thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant—"Thank God, he has generously left to his old friend, still to lead the van." Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on, beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, and the boatswain's whistle, as each ship furled her sails, calmly as a sea-bird might fold its wings, and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire opened with a vehemence that showed with what difficulty it had been repressed.

The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up, he led along the seaward side—thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down just as Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay, by the enemy's fire flashing fierce welcome as each arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire on himself. The *Bellerophon*, with gallant recklessness, fastened on the gigantic *Orient*, and was soon crushed and scorched into a wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the numbers of her own. But she drifted helplessly to leeward, *she had done her work*—the French admiral's ship was on fire, and through the roar of battle, a whisper went that for a moment paralysed every eager heart and hand. During the dread pause that followed, the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks—her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own brave requiem. At length, with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles, the explosion came; and the column of flame that shot upward into the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft to the reddened decks below—the wide shore with all its swarthy crowds, and the far off glittering sea, with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only broken by the shower of blazing fragments, in which that brave ship fell upon the waters.

Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty, but he knew not how successfully;—he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating every-where; and at the same moment his crew recognised their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France: torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral's ship had been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine, and the nautilus spread his tiny sail as if in mockery. Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards, but within the bay, the tricolour was flying on board the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. "Your battle-flag or none," was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the banner of Old England.

And now the battle was over—India was saved upon the shore of Egypt—the career of Bonaparte was checked, and the navy of France was annihilated, though restored, seven years later, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting requiem for obsequies like those of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was then and thus accomplished.

Latest Intelligence.

IRELAND.

The State Trials were to begin on the 15th inst. Every preparation was making for them on both sides.

REPEAL ASSOCIATION, Dublin, Jan. 2. Even during these holiday times the gentlemen of the Corn Exchange find it difficult, in the absence of Mr. O'Connell, to get together any considerable number of persons to listen to their lucubration. To-day there was a beggarly account of empty benches; the building, which is calculated to contain several thousands, presenting an array of about 200 idlers, many of whom were women.

RECALL OF LORD DE GREY.—The recall of Lord de Grey from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland is reported to have been decided on by the cabinet.

The necessity of a more cordial union, a more perfect agreement in opinion, and consequent decision of purpose and act than have characterised the present executive of Ireland, in order to creating and maintaining confidence in the government, has been long seen and felt. The return of Lord de Grey may not take place till early in the ensuing spring; but that his lordship's recall has been determined on, is—we are assured from a quarter on which we place full reliance—now settled. The Duke of Richmond is mentioned as the new viceroy.

The Newry Telegraph reports of the linen trade in the north of Ireland "that every operative to be met with had his hands full of work, and that wages had increased full thirty per cent."

DESPERATE AFFRAY WITH RIBBONMEN.—On Monday night last an armed party of about forty ruffians attacked the dwellings of an industrious set of men of the name of Gibbons, at Fairmount, for the purpose of swearing them to reduce the rent of some consecrated ground, which they had set a few days previously. Having heard some shots, and suspecting that a visit would be paid them, the gallant little band (consisting of seven men) armed themselves with pitchforks, and met the marauders, who, it appears, had fire arms. A desperate conflict ensued, and the Gibbonses were obliged to shelter themselves in one of the houses, which they barricaded and defended, till every one of them were desperately wounded. They then betook themselves to the loft, where they also fought gallantly. The Ribbonmen demolished every article in the house after they obtained an entrance. Three or four of the leaders of the Ribbonmen were dangerously wounded with pitchforks whilst forcing the door. Upwards of fourteen of them have been arrested and fully identified. The brave little party were taken into this town, where the best surgical attendance is given them. This portion of Fairmount is the locality where the celebrated "Billy Smith" domiciled himself for some time previous to his arrest.

Roscommon Journal.

A Kerry Repeal paper says:—A meeting was held on Sunday last at the Chamber of Commerce, Tralee, for the purpose of taking immediate measures for giving the Liberator a public dinner in that town, should it be compatible with his present arrangement to accept the invitation. A letter of invitation was accordingly written, to which the Liberator has returned the following reply:

"DEERVANE ABBEY, Feast of St. Stephen, 1843.

"My dear Supple—I am much delighted, and indeed very proud, of the invitation you have conveyed to me from the Chamber of Commerce in Tralee, to a public dinner, prior to my return to Dublin. I should be much pleased to accept that invitation, but it is totally out of my power to do so. I must go through Cork to Clonmel, where I am to be entertained on the 4th of next month, and it is manifest that the interval does not afford time to make arrangements for a dinner at Tralee.

"Assure the gentlemen at whose instance you wrote, of my regret at not being able to comply with, and my gratitude for the compliment they intended me.

"As to the present state of political affairs, it is manifest that all the people of Ireland require now is the tranquil and peaceable perseverance in the determination to achieve legislative independence by no other than legal and constitutional means, and that such perseverance will insure success. I confess I was at one time fearful that the people would allow themselves to be irritated into some outbreak and turbulence and thus put themselves into the power of the hereditary enemies of their native land. But the danger of any such outbreak is already gone by, and the parade of military force is already dwindling into something ridiculous, because totally and palpably unnecessary. It is immaterial what may be the event of the state trials; the Irish people have only to observe the peace in their demeanor and preserve their patriotic determination, and the period cannot be remote when the blessings of legislative independence and of domestic protection will be felt over this long oppressed land. Let us, then, persevere in legal, and above all, peaceable, but zealous exertions, and the Parliament will be in College-green again at no distant date.

"The aspect of public affairs as relating to England both domestic and foreign, demonstrates that the warm heart and ready arm of Ireland will soon again be wanting and England shall have both Irish hearts and Irish arms because she will then abandon the tone of insolence and defiance and do the Irish nation that justice which is all we require.

"On the basis of justice the connexion between the two countries would be consolidated and rendered perpetual, and more, those who would place their connexion on any other basis are, if possible, worse enemies to England than they are to Ireland. We, who are sincere friends to both countries, desire to perpetuate and render indissoluble the tie that can bind them together by the links of mutual interest and mutual kindness. No other tie ought, or indeed can be perpetual: and might last our day, because we are long impressed with the value of British connexion. But the period cannot be remote when any other than perfect equality and justice to Ireland would become unendurable and, therefore, most dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the entire empire.

"I have the honor to be, so assure my friends of the Chamber of Commerce, their ever faithful servant,

"DANIEL SUPPLE, Jr, Esq.

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

SCOTLAND.—A number of friends to the Free Protestant Church of Scotland met in Canonmills Hall, at Edinburgh, on the 14th ult., to hear reports from the deputations that had recently visited England. Mr. Tweedie stated that the committee had divided England into twenty districts, to be visited by different deputations. In spite of much vituperation and opposition, those deputations had everywhere been well received. Altogether a sum of 25,000*l.* had been realized from the former and recent visits; and some of the deputations were still prosecuting the work. Mr. Candlish regretted that their Evangelical brethren of the Church of England did not show them much countenance.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* of Sunday publishes a royal ordinance, countersigned by Marshal Soult, appointing M. Dumon Minister Secretary of State for the Department of Public Works, in the room of M. Teste, who is appointed President of one of the Chambers of the Court of Cassation, and raised to the dignity of a Peer of France. By another royal ordinance, M. Hippolyte Passy, former Minister Secretary of State, is raised to the dignity of a Peer of France. Unimportant as these movements appear, they are considered indications of more important things. The removal of M. Teste is supposed to foreshadow Marshal Soult's secession from office.—"The nomination of M. Dumon is considered to prove," says the *Paris* letter of the *Times*, "the increasing influence and power of M. Guizot; and would not fail to create in the *Paris* press a sensation that would not be easily allayed, were it not the opposition papers had attacked him with so much violence because of his contending that the various great lines of railroad should be adjudged to speculators, and not carried on by the State. This was in all probability the immediate reason for his dismissal;

which takes away from the opposition one head of charge against ministers."

An "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of her Majesty Isabella the Second, to the Queen Mother," S. Donoso Cortes, arrived in Paris early in the week, to invite Queen Christina back to Madrid. One account says that she declined, because she was also invited to take 10,000,000 francs with her in cash, of the 150,000,000 francs still remaining in her coffers; another, she only delayed an answer to see the issue of the long debate in the Cortes on the Queen's declaration against Olozaga.

OPENING OF THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

On Tuesday, at one o'clock, his Majesty, the King of the French, left the Tuileries to open the Chambers. He appeared in excellent health, and was every where received with cries of "Vive le Roi!" The usual formalities having been gone through, the King delivered the following speech:—

"Gentlemen, Peers, and Deputies,

"The perfect harmony between the powers of the State and the loyal support which you have afforded to my Government have yielded their fruit. Amidst the order maintained without effort and under the sway of the law, France displays with confidence her fertile activity. The situation of all classes of citizens is improving and advancing. The effects of this prosperity will enable us to restore between the expenditure and the revenue of the State in the law of Finance, which will be shortly presented to you, a justly desired equalization.

"We can enjoy with security these blessings of peace, for it never was better secured. My relations with all Powers are pacific and friendly.

"Serious events have occurred in Spain and in Greece. Queen Isabella II., called so young to the cares of State, is at this moment the object of all my solicitude and of my most affectionate interest. I trust that the issue of these events will be most favourable to two nations well disposed towards France, and that in Greece as well as in Spain monarchy will strengthen itself by the mutual respect of the rights of the throne and of public liberty. The sincere friendship which unites me to the Queen of Great Britain and the cordial understanding existing between my Government and hers, confirm me in that confidence.

"I have concluded with the King of Sardinia and the Republic of the Equador and Venezuela treaties of Commerce, and I am negotiating with other States in several parts of the world treaties which, whilst protecting our national industry and manufactures in the security to which they are entitled, will open a new career to their intelligent activity.

"I have had the satisfaction of seeing the circle of my family enlarged by the marriage of my son the Prince de Joinville with the Princess Francisca; the sister of the Emperor of Brazil and the Queen of Portugal. This union, by insuring the happiness of my son, adds a consolation more to those which God has reserved to me.

"Our dominion in Algeria will soon be universal and tranquil under the command of experienced leaders, amongst whom I was proud to reckon one of my sons. Our brave soldiers combine with admirable constancy the fatigues of war with the labour of peace.

"The necessary measures for the execution of the general system of railroads, and for various enterprises of national utility, shall be submitted to your deliberation. A bill relative to secondary instruction will satisfy the wish of the Charter for the freedom of instruction, by maintaining the authority and action of the state over public education.

"I beho d, Gentlemen, with profound gratitude to Providence, the honourable position, as well as the increasing prosperity, which our country enjoys. Always guided by our devotedness and our fidelity to France, I and my family never had any other ambition than that of serving her well. It is the certainty of accomplishing that duty which has given me strength during the trials of my life, and which will to its end be my consolation and firm support."

SPAIN

The long debate on the Queen's declaration against S. Olozaga continued in the Cortes at Madrid on the 14th. On the 9th, S. Lopez made an energetic speech against the Moderados, which he continued on the 10th. Alluding to the declaration, he said—With respect to the appearance of truth given to the events of the 28th, according to her Majesty's declaration he would merely apply the words of the Spanish poet—"Do you think I am such an idiot, when I invent a lie not to give it the appearance of truth?" He prayed the Moderados not to provoke him to make further revelations.

The following account, taken from the *Globe*, of the state of parties in Spain, and the events which may be looked for in that distracted country, will interest the reader:—A number of Progressists in Madrid had quitted the Chamber in disgust, to return to the provinces. M. Cortina, in a speech of great force, branded as unconstitutional all the measures of the new government. There had been four decrees prepared by the *Camarilla* before any new responsible minister was appointed, and they were delivered to General Serrano, who had the good sense to carry only two of them into execution. One of the others was for the banishment of M. Olozaga, the late prime minister, and declaring him incapable of ever holding any office under the state. M. Cortina charged the Moderados with revolutionary views. He declared that the new ministry were preparing the way for a reaction, and had for this purpose dismissed in a wholesale manner the honourable and constitutional authorities in the provinces, to replace them by obsequious creatures of their own. M. Gonzales Bravo, the present prime minister, said it was impossible to doubt the truth of the declaration made by the Queen, for she had repeated it a thousand times with the innocence and candour which belonged to her amiable character. He appealed to General Serrano to say whether the account given of the affair of the 28th was not true; adding that he had heard it from the General's own mouth.

General Serrano rose, and with great energy exclaimed, "It is false."

M. Gonzales Bravo replied, that he regretted having the lie given to him in the Chamber, but let it be repeated elsewhere, and he would know how to deal with it. General Serrano said he was ready to repeat what he had said out of doors. M. Gonzales Bravo then asked General Serrano whether he had told him (M. Bravo) that M. Olozaga's conduct was not such as it ought to have been? To which Serrano replied that he had no recollection of any thing of the kind. The clamour and confusion caused by this incident had hardly subsided when the minister gave rise to a fresh burst, ending just like the other. It is evident, from this account that open war has been declared between the two great parliamentary parties, that nothing but a miracle can prevent them coming to blows. It is true, as stated in one of the Madrid journals, that some of the leading Progressists are gone already to the province to prepare for the collision, we may expect in a few days to hear of grave events.—The time is ill-chosen for the return of Queen Christina. She is the soul of the Moderado party, and, recalled by them, must share the odium of their acts. It is evident that the ministers intend to rule by the sword, but it is doubtful

whether the Queen Mother will expose herself to the fearful consequences of the change which would take place if the Progressists resolve to excite the provinces to civil war.

Since the above was in type, intelligence has come to hand that the Gonzalez-Bravo Cabinet has prorogued the Cortes with a view to its dissolution, and that the Queen's mother had determined to leave Paris about the first of February for Madrid. The latter city was quiet, but how long it would remain so seemed uncertain. The provinces, it was believed, on learning the prorogation, would immediately fly to arms. Spain is in a state of the most intense distraction.

GREECE AND RUSSIA.

The ancient sun of Greece, with its freedom and intellectual vigor, again is dawning. The National Assembly to model the constitution sets about its task with energy and dignity. For its President is chosen Notaxos, whose patriotism "more than a century of life" has not quenched; its Vice Presidents are Coletti, Mavrocordato, Metaxa, and Londos, leaders of different parties. Even King Otho having consented to be really Greek, at least in appearance and for the time, shares the general glory; the Times avers that the judicious speech which he delivered was "the original and unaltered production of the pen of King Otho himself." If so, as the production of a man who has been esteemed treacherous and stupid, it is not more remarkable for its propriety than for its authorship. And the Greeks are said to be one of the best educated people of modern Europe. If these signs are to be trusted, here is true greatness, which must soon be recognised throughout the world.

The Emperor Nicholas has withdrawn his ambassador, M. Katakasi, and in a characteristic manner. "On the 23rd November, a Russian steamer of war arrived at the Piræus. The minister was summoned on board the vessel to receive his dispatches; but no sooner had he set foot on the deck than a significant touch on the shoulder warned him that he was under arrest, and he returned on shore no more. All the legation, with the exception of one secretary, was embarked in the course of the afternoon; and the steamer bore away its freight of diplomatic convicts without so much as a parting salutation to the King, the Court, the National Assembly, or the diplomatic body."

GREECE. Munich, Dec. 19.—The recent mission of Prince Von Oettingen-Wallerstein has been crowned with the best success, particularly in respect to the money question—not the least important part of the mission. It is understood that the Cabinets of London and Paris have agreed to allow the Greek government the space of five years for the payment of its outstanding debt. Whether the Russian government will grant the like indulgence is not yet positively known.

An Athens letter states the senior member of the National Assembly at Greece is in his 103d year.

INDIA AND CHINA.

By an extra mail, direct from Calcutta to Suez, accounts have been received from Calcutta to the 19th of November, Madras 16th November, and Singapore 14th of October.

Although the news from the Punjab is not much later than that by the last mail, it is still important, as contradicting the report of Heera Singh's murder; Leena Singh also survived. And both these chiefs, though previously opposed to each other, were reconciled for the moment, and wielded joint sway over the Sikh empire, that is, over the 10,000 men collected in the vicinity of Lahore. To keep these 10,000 men in obedience would, however, require the coming in of revenue from the provinces and their chiefs, of which there seemed little prospect.

Dost Mahomed has been shot dead at Cabul by order of the Prince of Believers, the Khan of Bokhara. It is said that the Khan sent several papers, with his own seal, to Cabul, stating that whoever should kill the Dost would go to heaven. This event will probably lead to a suspension of any efforts on the part of the Afghans to occupy Peshawar.

The accounts from Sukker are more distressing than ever. It appears that of the troops there 1,371 are in hospital, and only 143 well. Every officer but one in each corps is inefficient from illness.

The Delhi Gazette of the 28th October announces the arrival, on the 6th of September, of a messenger from Colonel Stoddart, at Hyderabad, (in Scinde,) whose papers had been taken from him in the Pisheen Valley, by Meer Delkan. He declares to have left the Colonel alive, though a prisoner in the citadel of Bokhara; but Captain Conolly had been put to death, as we have before heard. The messenger's story is corroborated by a letter received by Colonel Sheil, from Abdee Summud and the Topcheebahee at Bokhara, in whose house Colonel Conolly and Stoddart had lived, and who claims 3000 fillahs which he had lent Conolly, as a voucher for which Stoddart had supplied him with a leaf from out of Conolly's journal, and which had been safely delivered to Colonel Sheil.

The journals of Victoria Hong Kong are to the 12th of October. The sickness in that island had been such as to induce the officers of the Government to remove for a time to Macao. The trade had been opened with the ports of Foochowfoo, Amoy, Ningpo, and Shanghai. Messrs. Gribble, Thom, and Balfour being appointed consuls to the three latter ports. Notwithstanding the previous confinement of the trade to the military stations, it had been carried on to a great extent since the signature of the treaty. More than a million and a half of dollars' worth of India and Straits produce, exclusive of opium, were disposed of at Chusan and Amoy, and other towns of the east coast. The raw cotton imported from India to China amounts alone to more than the previous annual export of British manufactures to China, whilst the opium trade surpasses calculation. Some inconvenience was felt at Canton, at first, in consequence of there being no responsible persons, like the Hong merchants, to deal with. Sir H. Pottinger declares the answer of the Chinese Commissioners, when applied to on the subject, as most satisfactory. The payment of their debts by the Hongs was a more difficult matter; their wish to shirk off some of the weight was, no doubt, the chief cause of the difficulties experienced. We regret to see the death of Mr. Secretary Morrison, at Hong Kong, an individual highly g'ated, and universally regretted.

There is no foundation for the report which has been making the tour of the papers to the effect that General Sir Hugh Gough and Major-General Sir Chas. James Napier are on the point of returning to this country for change of climate and medical advice.

FREE-TRADE LESSON FROM CHINA.

To our shame be it said, the Chinese are getting the start of us both in sound principle and liberal practice. The new Chinese tariff is more liberal and more consistent than that of England; and the imperial commissioner, Keying, at Taoukwang, has addressed a lecture to the British consul at Canton, which is the most absolute sense on commercial policy we ever read. That our fellow-countrymen may learn wisdom from this member of the imperial family of

China, we copy the passage, and entreat our readers to let the simple and important lesson it teaches be engraven on their memories:—

"Forasmuch I, the imperial commissioner, now reply to the honourable consul, that he may act in conformity, and at the same time impress upon the English merchants, that the principle of trading depends entirely upon a mutual willingness. If a field of profit is to be reaped, there is no occasion to beg people to reap it; they will certainly reap it of their own accord. The English merchants and others must carry on their business with our native merchants in a spirit and according to a sense of justice, laying their plans for a long continuance of beneficial intercourse; and thus, it is to be hoped, that day by day, the aspect of affairs may brighten, and all kinds of goods expand in their consumption. Although I have no means of looking after such matters in behalf of the foreign merchants, yet I, the imperial commissioner, do really night and day indulge in the fervent hope of an improved commercial intercourse, beneficial to all parties. An important official reply."

MOROCCO.—A private letter from Tangier, dated the 11th of December, records the opinions of a French officer, now acting as political agent to his Government, on the state of affairs in north Africa. According to this authority, it is the interest of the Emperor of Morocco to be on good terms with France, for if France could go to Constantine in four days, she could go from the Algerine territory to Morocco or Fez in as short a time. Once possessed of Morocco, France could stop the supplies for Gibraltar, where England might be starved out, provided she were at war both with France and Spain. The agent believes that England supplied the Emperor and Abd-el-Kader, with arms and ammunition, on the ground that in the last serious struggle with Abd-el-Kader in Oran, the French encountered 5,000 infantry who were armed with English muskets, and equipped in the European fashion.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.—Rome, Dec. 5.—A letter from Bronte, dated Nov. 26th, states that the eruption of Mount Etna still continues. The lava had reached the declivity of the mountains, and was making its way towards the river. Some fertile plantations have been destroyed, and seventy men, who were working at an excavation, have been killed by the descending stream of lava.

PORTUGAL. Advices from Lisbon are to Dec. 26.

Senor Olozaga has taken refuge in Portugal, having entered Castello Branco on the 19th inst. The authorities immediately communicated with the Lisbon government, who despatched orders for his reception with the attention due to his exalted rank.

The Portuguese Chambers have again been summarily closed, with nothing effective done.

The excitement still continues throughout the wine districts, and the farmers are uprooting their vines in various directions.

SPEECH ON AMERICA BY LORD MORPETH.

On Wednesday Lord Morpeth presided at the half-yearly distribution of prizes at the Huddersfield College. At the conclusion of the business of the day a dinner took place; and, on the withdrawal of the cloth, the noble Lord's health having been given, he, in returning thanks, said—

"Since the period when we last met together I have been, as you are probably aware, at a considerable distance, not only from the riding, but from my native country; but, go where I would, I still found myself within reach of Yorkshiremen. [Loud applause.] I remember I had scarcely landed in the New World when, having to ascertain the nearest way to the house which I wished to reach, I asked the first person I met with to show me the path, when, pointing in a particular direction, he said, 'You will find that the gainest way.' [Loud laughter.] I said, 'I am sure that is not an American word,' and a good honest Yorkshireman he turned out to be. [Loud applause.] Again, when I was travelling that region of the country that is called the Prairie, which are vast tracts of rich grass land, generally in an unreclaimed state, but fitted from their natural fertility for the production of crops of every description, I came to a town round which all the farms seemed to me to be in a particularly promising and favourable condition. I inquired about the circumstances of the neighbourhood, and I was told that about that place—the town of Jacksonville—a colony almost entirely of Yorkshiremen had planted themselves; and hence I was glad enough, I assure you, to infer the flourishing state of the crops and farming in the neighbourhood. [Cheers.] I had the pleasure of paying a visit to one of the most eminent statesmen in America at his country residence. I mean Mr. Clay, and he praised to me the fidelity and long and able services of his female-servant, who turned out to be a Yorkshireman. [Loud laughter.] Yorkshirewoman I mean. [Reiterated laughter.] That will remind you that I have been in Ireland as well as America. [Renewed laughter.] The only lesson I wish she had inculcated on her master, who is a supporter of the American tariff, is, that she had made him a better friend to free trade all over the world. [The meeting here rose and cheered most enthusiastically for some time.] I will only trouble you with one more of my Yorkshire-American associations, which is this—I found several old Yorkshiremen in the great city of New York who, from old recollections, were kind enough to entertain me at a public dinner, and I there was told that the State of New York goes by the name of the Empire State of the Union; and all the company who assembled at the dinner were perfectly agreed as to the propriety of our christening the old county of York the Empire County of Old England. [Loud applause.]

THE PRIVATE FORTUNE OF THE LATE KING OF HOLLAND.—According to information which seems to us deserving of credit, the late King William Frederick has left a fortune of 157,000,000 florins (£13,000,000 sterling) of which 153,000,000 of francs (about £6,000,000 sterling) are bequeathed to the present King of Holland, William II.; £5,000,000 or £6,000,000, with large landed property, will come to the Countess of Oultremont. The remaining millions will be divided between Prince Frederick and Princess Maria Anne, consort of Prince Albert of Prussia; the domestic misfortunes of this princess were not the least of the afflictions which cast a gloom over the last years of the life of the Count of Nassau. A letter from the Hague states, that only 12,000,000 of the fortune of the late ex-King of Holland are bequeathed to his widow, the Countess d'Oultremont. Half his fortune goes, it is said, to the reigning king, and the remainder to Prince Frederick and Prince Albert of Prussia and his wife, Galigiani.

THE GREAT WESTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—At a special general meeting of the shareholders, held in Bristol, on Monday, it was announced that the Great Britain would be ready for an experimental trip in February next; upon which a resolution was unanimously passed, that a meeting of the proprietors be summoned on the 2nd of January, to decide upon her following the Great Western on the New York line early in May, which the directors stated, after mature consideration, was their intention, provided it met with the sanction of the shareholders. The directors were subsequently empowered to borrow £10,000 to complete the ship for sea. The Great Western's net profits for

the past season were stated to amount to £6,000, out of which it is proposed to give the shareholders a dividend of 50s. per share.

Bristol Chronicle.

The Chief Justiceship of our newly-acquired settlement, Hong-Kong, has been offered to no less than seven members of the English bar, and been declined by them all, although the salary attached to the office is to be £3,000 a-year.

London paper.

Russian Trade with China.—We have received from Moscow, from a good authority, the unexpected intelligence that the exportation of Russian articles on the Chinese frontier has lately fallen to a sixth part of what it used to be. As there is no doubt of the fact, it must be presumed that the Chinese have obtained a sufficient supply of European goods from the English. Perhaps, under existing circumstances, Russia may be induced to allow the German transit trade, which was formerly so flourishing, it being well known that the Russian prohibitory system was chiefly founded on the apprehension that the Russian export trade to China might suffer by permitting the transit of German goods.

Hamburg Borsenhalle.

The *Censeur de Lyons* states that the legitimist party had succeeded in exciting such a feeling in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux among the population of several districts in the south of France, that between Avignon and Orange, the inscription of "Henry V. or Death!" was written on many of the houses of the villages situated along the road.

DEATH OF MADAME CATALANI. Rome, Dec. 12.—The celebrated Madame Catalani, who for 22 years held with so much éclat the sceptre of song, has just died, after a short illness, at her villa, near Sinigaglia (Roman States,) at the age of 59. Angelica Catalani was born in 1784, at Sinigaglia. She made her debut on the stage at Venice when only 15, and retired in 1831. She had married a Frenchman, M. de Valabrigue, a native of Burgundy, who died in 1828, and by whom she had three children. Madame Catalani has left a fortune which is rated at about 332,000*l*.

The cotton market has experienced some improvement. Trade generally was in a prosperous condition.

By the decease of his mother, Sir E. I. Bulwer succeeds to the ancient mansion and estates of Knebworth, in Herts, to which she was heiress.

The Queen has had a billiard table constructed out of wood saved from the wreck of the Royal George, sunk in 1782.

Don Carlos will not, it is said, now permit his son to marry Queen Isabella, as he hopes by a union with the Progresistas to place him eventually on the throne.

The Ojibbeway Indians had the honour of performing their war, pipe, and medicine dances before the Queen and Prince Albert, at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday se'ennight.

Messrs. Sturge, in their corn circular for the last month, repeat their opinion that the last harvest was a deficient one, and that there must be higher prices and large importations before the next.

The Mark-lane Express says that the speech of Earl Spencer in favour of the total repeal of the corn laws, has produced great excitement amongst the agricultural class, and that, "the high estimation in which the noble Earl is held in this country, gives a more than ordinary weight to his opinions."

The underwriters at Lloyd's, through the directors of the Great Western Steam Ship Company, have presented Captain Hosken with the sum of 100*l*. in testimony of their high opinion of his nautical skill having successfully accomplished 64 passages to and from America.

A letter from Constantinople states that the Sultan is learning the French language and geography, and is very assiduous in the attaining of those acquirements. The Sultan's pursuing those studies is endeavoured to be kept a secret amongst the Turks.

The Manchester Courier states that Lord Francis Egerton has bought up the shares of the Manchester and Irwell Navigation, for nearly 400,000*l*.; and that he contemplates laying out 300,000*l*. in deepening and improving the river, so as to make it admit vessels of considerable burden up to Manchester.

The great sugar refinery belonging to Sir Thomas and James Bracken, Esq., at Liverpool, one of the most extensive in the kingdom, and employing many hands, was destroyed by fire on the morning of Thursday. The damage is estimated at 70,000*l*.—a little more than half of which is insured.

It is confidently stated that an intimation has been conveyed to the Duc de Bordeaux that holding of levees for the reception of so many persons, subjects of an allied power, and his continued residence in this country, are not agreeable to the British Government. This intimation has, it is added, changed the plans of the Duc de Bordeaux, and his early departure from this country is anticipated.

According to the last intelligence from Siberia, the enterprise of gold washing has extended itself from the eastern side of the Ural mountains to the Altai, and layers of gold sand have been found to extend along the Chinese frontier over a space of 80,000 square miles, of which the 200th part in the Ural district alone furnishes an average of 300 pounds (the pound is 32.23lbs) a-year equal to 15,000,000 of paper roubles.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 1.—The Cotton Trade. The imports into this port during the past year amounted to 1,556,082 bales, being an increase of 301,966 bales compared with those of the previous year, and 395,833 bales compared with 1841. We extract the following remarks from the annual circular, dated 30th ult., of an eminent broking firm in this town: "Taking it for granted that the spinners hold about 50,000 bales more than at this period of 1843, the consumption of the kingdom has increased 3000 bags weekly; another proof, if any indeed were wanting, that low prices of the raw material tend to an extraordinary development of national industry, and to a correspondent increase, it is to be hoped, of national prosperity."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PREFERENCE OF A "FAIR" TO A "CHEAP" PRICE.—Much has been said and written, and many are the little anecdotes recorded, of the liberality and determination of the Duke of Wellington. A striking instance of the former occurred a short time ago. A needy agriculturist, being compelled by necessity to advertise a small farm adjoining the park at Strathfieldsaye for sale, his grace's steward made an offer for it, which was readily accepted; and when the duke, a few days afterwards, arrived from town, the steward acquainted his grace of the judicious purchase he flattered himself he had made, adding, doubtless with inward satisfaction, that he was happy to inform his grace that the land had been bought cheap. "Cheap, sir!" exclaimed the noble duke, "cheap, sir! I want no man's land cheap. Let two proper persons be immediately appointed to survey and value this farm." Crewfallen and sorely disappointed, the steward returned to fulfil his grace's

directions, and at the next interview handed his grace the report of the surveyors, who had estimated the value of the land at several hundred pounds beyond the purchase-money previously agreed upon. His grace carefully perused the document, and then remarked, "This is correct; is it, sir?" "It is, your grace," was the reply. "Then," continued the duke, "then, sir, pay the amount at once. I can better afford to pay a fair price than the owner can to take an unfair one, and bear in mind I want no man's land cheap."

SIR ROBERT SALE.—The public will read with peculiar satisfaction the announcement of the appointment of the gallant defender of Jellalabad to the full colonelcy of the 13th Light Infantry, the regiment which shared his well-won honours on so many fields of battle, and in which the greater part of Sir Robert Sale's long years of service have been spent. Sir Robert holds only the rank of a brevet-colonel in the army; and, although etiquette or custom has prescribed that the full colonelcies of regiments shall be given only to general officers, we are convinced there is not an officer in the service who will not rejoice at this well-timed and judicious act of his Grace the Commander-in-Chief. The Duke of Wellington's recognition of the claims of the 13th Regiment on the notice of her Majesty is also manifested by the fact, that the vacancy caused by Sir Robert Sale's promotion has been filled up by the appointment of the senior officer of each rank in the regiment.

COLONELCY OF THE 1ST ROYALS.—It is rumoured in military circles that the command of this regiment, vacant by the death of the late lamented veteran Lord Lynedoch, will be given to General Sir G. Murry, the Master-general of the Ordnance. There is no officer in the service who better deserves the appointment, though the gallant "Forty-two" will miss their colonel.

DEATH OF LORD LYNEDOC.—The month of December, 1843, proved fatal to one of the illustrious men who led our armies during the Peninsular war, and in the corresponding period of the present winter another and scarcely less distinguished soldier has been "gathered to his fathers." Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, has paid the debt of nature. He was amongst the most distinguished of the able and scientific soldiers who led the conquering armies of England from the Tagus to the Seine. His Lordship expired on Monday night, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, at his town residence, Stratton-street, having for several days been very seriously indisposed.

News from "Fury Beach."—We have been favored with the following extract from the journal of Mr. Wm. Nicholson, surgeon, of the traveller, of Hull, whose return from Davis's Straits we announced last week:—"On the 10th of August we gained the mouth of Prince Regent's Inlet, and found it to be completely obstructed by heavy ice. We remained for a little time, during which we had a heavy gale of wind at N.N.E., which separated the ice from the land, and enabled us to run up the inlet as far as Fury Point. We saw an immense quantity of fish; but unfortunately the weather was so boisterous that we could not ply our boats. This continued until the 13th, on the evening of which Mr. Lee, jun., and myself, accompanied by a boat's crew, landed at Fury Beach, and there saw the house which had been constructed by Captain Ross and the crew of the Victory; likewise the stores and provisions of the Fury. The house was somewhat damaged, but the provisions, although exposed to the inclemency of the weather for eighteen years, were all in the highest state of preservation. They consisted of flour, sugar, pickles, carrots, salmon, soup, &c.; the three last mentioned articles are in canisters, and hermetically sealed. There are various stores for ship's use—viz., anchors, cables, rope, and iron-work in great variety. Nothing was allowed to be removed, except some trifling articles as a relic, from Fury Beach, and it is to be hoped that other masters will act with the same consideration as Mr. Lee in not allowing anything to be removed. They ought rather to add to the stores. It was by their means that the captain and his crew survived for two years. The house contains apartments, one of which has evidently been allotted to Sir John Ross, another to his officers, and the remaining part to the ship's company. It is in form a house 16 feet by 10, covered with the Fury's sails. It contains two large stoves, and beds arranged on each side of the house, with stools, tables, &c. There are provisions and fuel sufficient to serve a ship's company of 52 men for one winter, which, if allowed to remain, will doubtless prove invaluable to some poor shipwrecked whalers or voyagers."

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1844.

By the Mail Steamer *Britannia*, via Halifax, we have files to the 4th inst. inclusive, the intelligence generally is of a cheering description, but there is not anything of especial importance in the political world.

Her Majesty the Queen and her Royal Consort continue to enjoy the hospitalities of the British nobility and landholders. We can readily believe that the familiar intercourse existing between the Royal Victoria and that class of her subjects is the result of her frank, liberal, and confiding disposition, and consequently that her Majesty's enjoyments in the country scenes of her native land have been far beyond those which sovereigns generally are permitted to experience; but were all these mere matter of policy we should even then say that the Queen is either very sagacious or is exceedingly well advised. We find that the Royal visitors have most lately visited Drayton Manor, the Seat of Sir Robert Peel, Chatsworth the princely residence of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and Belvoir Castle the magnificent abode of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.

The visit of the Duc de Bordeaux in England, has begun at length to assume a political aspect that gives much uneasiness to the adherents of Louis Philippe, many of whom have recently given free vent to the r opinions thereon. Numbers of those who adhered to French Carlism have visited the illustrious stranger, crossing the channel for that very purpose, until at length the affair had more the air of a rendezvous, or political meeting than anything else, and, considering the terms upon which Queen Victoria and King Louis Philippe have met, and the relations which they must consequently have formed towards each other, it was hardly consistent with delicacy to make English ground the scene of those meetings. Accordingly the Duc de Bordeaux has had it intimated that

this kind of thing would not do, and he has immediately commenced a tour preparatory to his quitting England, which last it is presumed he will do early in February, moving from thence to the Hague by invitation of the King of the Netherlands. It is supposed by many of the European politicians that although the sagacious Louis Philippe may remain undisturbed on the French throne, the next generation may find it a more difficult matter; it seems to us, however, that the elder Bourbon branch is very much like that of the Stuarts in the British dynasty, and there is a striking similarity in their history and latest position. Their time is gone by for ever.

The trials of Mr. O'Connell and the other organs of Repeal were fixed to commence on the 15th inst., and it seems pretty probable that there will not be any further delay. Mr. O'Connell himself is said to have been relaxing a little after his energies, by enjoying the field sports at Derrynane. In the meanwhile the journals describe great falling off both in the numbers at the Corn Exchange, and in the weekly *Rent*; the former seldom exceeding a hundred male and about a like number of female audience, and the latter having fallen off from £2000 and upwards per week to about £500. If this be so it would appear, to imply, what we have always thought, that Repeal is not so much a principle as an impulse, and that without the master-head to keep it alive it must sink of itself. The *Britannia*, London Newspaper, is exceedingly rabid on this matter, the editor says that the attempt to procure Repeal ought to be considered High Treason. Now this is nonsense or worse; it is aiming at the demolition of one of the most important privileges in the British Constitution—that of Petition. Any man, or any set of men may and ought to petition the legislature, in proper, peaceful, and respectful terms, for the introduction, the alteration, or the abrogation of any law, if the proposed measure be one which the petitioner shall conscientiously believe conducive to the public weal. Sedition or High Treason can only be attributable to the means adopted by the party for carrying out the proposed measure. We therefore insist, as we have always, that the Agitator, if honestly impressed with the justice and importance of his views, had the right to stir himself in them. If he has proceeded in a wrong course, the tribunals of his country will set him right; if he has been correct the law cannot pervert either his counsels or his actions.

The *Britannia* expresses an insinuation against Earl Spencer for the open declaration of his Lordship with respect to the Corn Laws, and urges that although he did in 1842 declare similar opinions in the House of Lords, yet that he was then in opposition to Ministers; and that in 1834 when a motion was made for alteration in those laws Lord Spencer was decidedly hostile to any such alteration. The editor would thus endeavour to lay a slur upon the characteristic of the "honest Lord Althorpe," but this is uncandid. Many things become essentially altered in this mutable world in ten years. The Test and Corporation Acts, and Catholic Emancipation, which were deemed altogether absurd and most impolitic by the Tory party in 1820, were all deemed expedient before 1830. Why should not Lord Spencer perceive new and enlarged views on the question of the Corn Laws during the perpetual agitation thereon in so many years? Why should he be the advocate of measures which, if erroneous, must be greatly prejudicial to himself as a large landholder? Why should he not have greatly extended his views on the subject since his retirement from public life and his close attention to the management of his estates and to rural affairs? And, above all, what other motive than that of the general weal can be supposed to actuate a nobleman like Lord Spencer "the honest," who has left public life altogether, who is rich, honoured in his community, and who has reached the mature age of 62 or 63 years? Persons may differ from his Lordship in opinion, they may adhere where he has found reason to vary, or *vice versa*, but an invidious reflection upon that Noble Lord is sure to react against the aspersor.

We perceive with regret that Incendiarism is still at work in the Agricultural districts of England. Misguided and ignorant men attempting to produce by force, effects that may easily be brought about by fair argument and the weight of opinion. The Corn law men will make advantage of this; but bad as the conduct of the Incendiarists undoubtedly is, it cannot injure the general argument, which will advance and prevail notwithstanding the unhappy clog which we doubt not will be fastened upon it. The English journals give evidences that alterations must take place in the ensuing Session, and even the Duke of Buckingham and the warmest partizans of the Corn law party are finding it necessary to "stroke the farmers down" with endearing expressions.

To what a depth of degradation has the Spanish Court been lowered. A female child is declared of age to govern a country, rent by intestine broils and running fast to ruin. Queen Isabel is made a puppet to be wrought upon by any who may for the moment get hold of the strings, she undergoes personal affronts in her own halls, and has *lies*—that is the unvarnished word—fastened upon her in manifestoes. Those who were her advisers yesterday are in full flight to-day, and her minister of the hour may in the next be the subject of impeachment. Of patriotism in Spain, during these broils, we do not believe any can be found; it is just "*capias*," &c., and the time will surely come round when the steady government of the late Regent will be matter of affectionate retrospection. Espartero was a patriot, he had earnestly the regeneration of Spain in view; he seldom wanted the necessary firmness, but "*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*," and one great mistake undid him. We hope yet to see him again at the helm of Spanish affairs; though in the meantime Queen Christina is invited back to Spain. Whose doing is that?

The news from Greece is gratifying; there is an evident sincerity in the endeavour to reform and reinvigorate the institutions of that young Kingdom, and, whether Otho be acting or really imbued with a patriotic spirit, he is at least proceeding in a very praiseworthy manner. Russia alone seems to hold out in displeasure at the reforms produced; but somehow the people of Europe are beginning to care little for the approbation of Russia, so that they have

their own. The Autocrat meanwhile appears to have his hands full with Circassia, where he cuts no great figure. The Emperor Nicholas, it seems, not being able to dictate far beyond his dominions, is giving a specimen of his arbitrary power by persecuting the Jews: driving them from the seats of commerce, where their special occupations are found, yet forbidding them to leave the country altogether. This is wisdom and government with a vengeance.

From India and China the intelligence is good; the new channels of commerce are enlarging their currents, and China is already beginning to evince the effects of enlarged communication with the far west of the old world. We give extracts of the latest accounts in our news columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE—TRADE.

MANCHESTER, Jan. 4, 1844.

Dear Sir,—The last Christmas has passed off more merrily in England than any Christmas for many previous years.

In the manufacturing districts the working classes are well employed at good wages; and the low price of corn, and other provisions, enables the poor throughout the land to enjoy an unusual portion of the comforts of life. Money is more abundant than it has been for ten years and more, and the annual settlement of mercantile accounts has been got over with little difficulty to the commercial and manufacturing community. Business is good, and there appears nothing to prevent its favourable continuation for some time to come.

The *Harvest* of 1843 was considered an average one when the corn was got in, but it is now found that the yield of wheat is deficient. There were great crops of straw in the midland and western counties; but the threshing proves the falling off in the weight of corn to be 5 to 20 per ct. from the expected results. The weather has been warm and generally favourable through the seed time, and this with the poor quality of the corn in the market, seems as yet to prevent any advance in prices of wheat in Mark Lane; but the knowing ones predict a deficiency in the supply and a rise of prices in the Spring. They are ordering corn from the Mediterranean, and anticipate the necessity for the introduction of 2,000,000 of quarters before another harvest, and this without any further alteration in the Corn-laws here. They ground this repudiation upon the deficiency of home-grown corn from the cause above stated, and upon the fact that low prices of bread and general employment of the labouring people are causing a great increase in the consumption of the country.

Money is so excessively abundant, and the stock of bullion in the Bank of England so large, that an import of two or three millions of quarters of corn would not probably cause much inconvenience or any restriction in the currency to interfere with the prosperity of commercial operations.

Cotton is rising in Liverpool and the other European markets, and it is pretty certain to rule higher all this year than it has through 1843. There is but one thing likely to interfere with this advance, and that is the spirit existing among the operatives in the cotton spinning mills in this district. The spinners of Ashton and Staley Bridge were out for three weeks in November and December, and should trade be good in the Spring, a general turn out of the Lancashire spinners for an advance of wages is, by some, anticipated to take place as soon as the mild weather comes on. If the business is then very profitable, the master spinners may have to concede to the demands of their work-people, though their wages are now above the average of the manufacturing districts; but if the contest is continued any length of time, it will diminish the consumption of cotton, and so perhaps affect its price in Liverpool. At present the mills are consuming as much cotton as they can, and over 21,000 bales of American descriptions are weekly taken out of that port alone for their use. The news from China is favourable for Bombay cotton, and a diminished import into England of this article from India may be looked for this year in consequence of the China demand taking too much of it.

The *China* news is brought by a transient steamer, the regular overland mail not being yet announced, and private letters by this steamer speak quite favourably to the opening of the trade in the new ports. The direct import into these northern ports of cotton and bulky articles of manufactured goods, enables the sellers so to reduce prices that the consumption is thought to have already taken a start, and is expected to increase largely in a short time. *British Woollens* are selling briskly in these northern ports, and probably they will soon take the place of the Russian fabrics hitherto imported overland into the north of China.

Wool is considerably higher in England than it was last year, and is likely to go higher still, particularly for foreign and long English wools, while stocks of finished woollen and worsted goods are small in first hands.

British Government 3 per ct. *Consols* have reached 97½ ex-dividend, a higher price than they have been at before since the American Revolutionary war. Railway stocks, and other securities, have advanced 5 to 20 per ct. during the last quarter, and even for American Stocks there has been some demand—Illinois 6 bonds have sold at 42; Pennsylvania 5's. stocks at 69½, and Ohio 6's. at 92, and none are now held in this market at these prices.

Unless something unsuspected occur to check this improvement, we may look for a year of prosperous trade in England; and America should reap a portion of the benefit, from the increased consumption of her provisions in this country, and from the enhanced price of Cotton.

Your obt. servant,

H—.

THE BACHELORS' BALL.—The Bachelors of New York are determined to outdo themselves this year, being the Bissextile. Their annual Ball will take place on St. Valentine's Day, 14th Feb., at the Astor Hotel, and we learn that most splendid preparations are on foot for the occasion. The fact is that these Bachelor fellows, however they may ostensibly rejoice in the name, are seriously engaged in endeavouring to get rid of it. Hence they spread out all their lures to draw to their assemblies the choice of all the beauty, accomplishment,

and fashion, which the city can produce. We confess that for the most part they are tolerably successful, but this year, being the year of the Ladies' privilege, the single men have increased hopes of getting off, becoming married, and respectable members of society. With such anticipations there can be no doubt that this will be an elegant affair.

* * In making our report of the public examination at Rev. Mr. Huddart's Classical Establishment, we had occasion to notice the meritorious and happy efforts made there by the Professor of Elocution; we would now supply a defect by giving the name of the gentleman who was thus so effective in a highly important branch of Education. The Professor to whom we allude is Mr. John W. S. Hows; and judging of his powers generally from the specimen given on that occasion, we would strongly recommend his aid to all who would be improved in the Science which he professes. His residence is at No. 496 Broadway.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.

Our dear Musical readers, how shall we congratulate you? We know not in what terms to address you, that will sufficiently convey our gratification and delight on the attainment of this new and rich well-spring which has risen up before us. For many a year have we thought of this, and for some years have we laboured hard to induce the planting of such an association. Here it is at last, and we can confidently ask every person who constituted the first audience—on the 19th inst.—are you not more than satisfied, has it not exceeded your anticipations? There had been two or three postponements of this first Concert, partly on account of weather, partly through the interposition of other entertainments; for the officers of the society, aware that this was to be a new field of practical science, and desirous to give it the fair play of due éclat, resolved to keep it clear of every thing else. They did well, and the consequence was that the audience were moved to such a pitch of enthusiastic delight as we never before witnessed. The Madrigal with which the concert opened was by *Festa*, of the date of 1541. "Down in a flowery Vale," and the composition had to be repeated in consequence of a *sequel* distich, written by the accomplished secretary Mr. Rosier. Nevertheless the whole was encored by acclamation, and even that did not settle the enthusiasm, for it was sung a third time in the second part of the performances, and there was a call for it for a fourth time, but it was resisted. The grand German chorus by *Weber*, "True Sword," was sung with the accompaniment of four Trombones, played in charming and subdued style by Messrs. Dodworth, Timm, and two other artists, whose names we know not. Then was given *Wylbie's* sweet madrigal of "Sweet Honey-sucking Bees," written in 1608; after which the quaint and mellow Madrigal "Out upon it," which was followed by the Glee and Chorus, by *T. Cooke*, of "Shades of the Heroes." The fine Septuor by *Hummel*, which was so effectively played at the Philharmonic on the previous Saturday, was now repeated, but, in consequence of the absence of the Cornet, Mr. Timm, with the obliging good-nature so characteristic of him, volunteered to play the part on the Trombone. This professor is at all times as kind as he is great, and that is saying much. The first part concluded with the Madrigal by *Wylbie* of "Flora gave me fairest flowers," which was warmly encored.

The second part opened with the Madrigal by *Marenzio*, dated 1580, "Stay Limpid Stream," and was followed by the Glee and Chorus, by *Webbe*, which is doomed to musical immortality, "When Winds breathe soft." This was delightfully sung, and was repeated by acclamation. Fine as it was, however, it was somewhat injured by the—zeal undoubtedly but the—indiscreet zeal of Mr. Phillips, who presided. There should not be any part doubled in that fine glee, and his business was to play the accompaniment, instead of which he could not resist the desire to join in the singing, and if he had really been in tune he would thereby have injured the delicacy of the music, but he was *flat* also. We suspect that he has been so much in the habit of joining his voice to that of the choir whilst presiding at the Organ, that it has become a part of his nature to make one in concerted vocal music. Then followed the fine *old* Madrigal by *Orlando Gibbons*, date 1520, "The Silver Swan," and what a lovely quaint composition it was! The concert concluded with the Madrigal "Now is the Mouth of Maying."

We have said that for some years we have laboured according to our humble ability to bring about so excellent a society, and would fain flatter ourselves that we have at least assisted in fanning the flame which has now broken out so magnificently. It is now just three years since we attempted to give a brief account of the nature and importance of the Madrigal, in a journal of this city, and we followed it up with others concerning The Glee, the Catch, The Round, The Canon, &c. Those papers were fortunate enough to be so well received as to be rewarded by one or two anonymous friends with copies of the poetry of some very precious madrigals, which we published in that same journal. In this hour of triumph, for such we consider the institution of the Vocal Society which we now notice, we shall take the liberty to reprint in our own Journal the descriptions which we then gave; being convinced that nothing will more directly tend to improve musical taste generally, and the habits of social vocal amusement particularly, than the cultivation of those classes of music just mentioned; and we do most earnestly conjure all who are really imbued with a love of music, to encourage with all their hearts such a society as this.

It cannot be inappropriate here to give the following list of the Society's officers and the brief accompanying description of the plan of proceeding.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.—F. C. Tucker, Esq., President; H. C. Timm, Vice President; G. Loder, Librarian; W. Scharfenberg, Treasurer; F. W. Rosier, Secretary; G. Leach, J. S. Massett, Assistant-Officers.

20th November, 1843.

It has long been a matter of regret that so many fine compositions for a combination of voices should remain unknown to the lovers of music in New York; a Society has therefore been formed, consisting of Resident Professional Vocalists, with the intention, by unremitting practice, to be enabled to place before the public, Vocal Music, in a manner hitherto unattempted.

Four Concerts will be given annually by the Society, which will form a Choir of about one hundred voices, to consist of *Vocal Music in Parts*, interspersed with Instrumental Music; the 1st and 3d of which will be secular, the 2d and 4th sacred, and they will take place about the months of December, January, February, and March.

Terms of Subscription \$10, payable on delivery of the Tickets for the First Concert, entitling the Subscriber to three Tickets to each Concert, and the privilege of purchasing two Tickets extra to each, at \$1.50.

We give a few of the quaint but poetical subjects which were sung on the above occasion, and would inform our readers that the Madrigal, above all other classes of poetry, abounds in these rich poetical conceits.

DOWN IN A FLOWERY VALE.

A MADRIGAL BY VESTER, 1541.

Down in a flowery vale all on a summer morning,
Phillis I met fair Nature's self adorning;
Swiftly on wings of love I flew to meet her,
Coldly she welcomed me when I did greet her.
"I warbled thus my ditty,
"Oh! Shepherdess have pity,
"And hear a faithful lover,
"His passion true discover,
"Ah! why art thou to me so cruel."
Then straight replied my jewel;
"If gold thou hast fond youth 'twill speed thy suing,
"But if thy purse be empty, come not to me a wooing."

SEQUEL—BY F. W. ROSIER.

Soon as I careless strayed, fond youth with eyes averted,
Phillis I met by all the swains deserted,
Swift she (tho' late so coy) then flew to meet me.
My back I turned all deaf to her entreaty,
She warbled thus her ditty;
"Oh! Shepherd now have pity,
"And to your faithful lover,
"Oh! your passion true discover."
Then did I cold and haughty view her,
"And thus replied unto her;
"The love that's won by gold will prove undoing,
"So since my purse is empty, I'll go no more a wooing."

TRUE SWORD.

GRAND CHORUS BY WEBER WITH ACCOMPANIMENT OF FOUR TROMBONES.

True Sword thy dark blade gleaming,
And bright as sunbeam seeming,
Sword of the brave and free,
Bright sword of liberty.

Hurrah!

The arm of right shall wield thee,
To despot never yield thee,
Thou our defence shall be,
Bright sword of liberty.

Hurrah!

True sword, to slaves a stranger,
Of wrong the stern avenger,
Thou shalt thou ever be,
Bright sword of liberty.

Hurrah!

Shine thus dark blade for ever,
Subdued thou canst be never,
Thou shalt our war cry be,
Bright sword of liberty.

Hurrah!

SWEET HONEY SUCKING BEES.

A MADRIGAL BY WYLBIE 1609.

Sweet Honey sucking bees! Why do ye still
Surfeit on roses, pinks and violets,
As if the choicest nectar lay in them,
Wherewith you store your curious cabinets!
Ah take your flight to Melisaviva's lips,
There may ye revel in ambrosial cheer,
Where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit
Keeping their spring tide graces all the year,
Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get,
Stung not her soft lips, oh beware of that,
For if one flaming dart come from her eye,
Was never dart so sharp, ah then you die.

WHEN WINDS BREATHE SOFT.

GLEE BY WEBBE FOR FIVE VOICES.

When winds breathe soft along the silent shore,
The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep.
A stronger gale the troubled wave awakes,
The surface roughens and the ocean shakes
More dreadful still when furious storms arise.
The morning billows bellow to the skies,
On liquid rocks the tottering vessel's tost,
Unnumber'd surges lash the foaming coast,
The raging waves excited by the blast,
Whitened with wrath and split the sturdy mast,
When in an instant he who rules the floods
Earth, Air and Fire, Jehovah! God of Gods
In pleasing accents speaks his sovereign will,
And bids the waters and the waves be still.
Hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to roar
Safe are the seas and silent as the shore.

Now say what joy elates the sailor's breast
With prosperous gales so unexpected blest,
What ease, what transport, in each face is seen
The heavens look bright, the air and sea serene,
For every plaint we hear a joyful strain
To Him whose power unbounded rules the main.

THE SILVER SWAN.

A MADRIGAL BY O. GIBBONS, 1520.

The silver swan who living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat,
Leaning her breast against the ready shore
Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more.
Farewell all joys, oh Death come on my woes
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

THE MADRIGAL.

Unreflecting persons on the subject of music, and even some who do reflect thereon, are apt to join in the popular cry that the English have no distinct national school of music, that with all the sums they lavish on composers and musicians they have no genuine taste, nor any distinctive ideas thereon, serving to qualify them as judges in questions of that nature. This, however, without attributing any malevolence to the assertors, is a gross error. There is a class of music, not only of the most pleasing but also of the most scientific nature, with which the English are so completely identified, and which has been carried to such a height of excellence by English masters, that we feel entirely justified in claiming for it the title of the English school, and in demanding for it, on the part of all to whom the science of music is dear, both a respectful and close attention, in the confidence that the principles of that science will thereby receive ample as well as pleasing demonstration.

When we assert for the English school of music a distinct national character as exemplified in the Madrigal, we do not claim for that school originality of its invention; for in truth it had been cultivated in two countries at least before the English masters took the subject up. Its origin is said to have been in the low countries, and to have been soon after adopted in Italy; and in truth there are still extant some masterly productions of the Italian composers, in this class of music, anterior to anything that can be found from the pens of the English masters. Yet the latter followed hard upon the two former countries, and the music being adapted to the feelings and spirits of the English, they have followed it up, made important improvements, and exhibited great and peculiar beauties in it, after the other countries have nearly abandoned it altogether. We do not remember having seen any of the Flemish Madrigals, but are in possession of one written by *Gioacchino Croce*, an Italian, written in the year 1560. Besides this master, the great *Palestrina* wrote some beautiful madrigals, as did also *Gastoldi*, *Marenzio*, and others of the Italian school. The last-mentioned is believed to have introduced the taste for them into England, and we find that, about the close of the sixteenth century, several compositions of this class were written by *Morley*, *Wilbye*, *Dowland*, *Caendish*, *Gibbons*, &c., which still continue to receive the most enthusiastic admiration of musical connoisseurs. About this time also wrote *Ford*, *Walker*, *Kirby*, and others, and the Madrigal has gradually taken deep and firm root in the English school of musical taste.

It may be well here to observe that although the *Glee*, in the hands of the greatest English masters of that kind of composition, such as *Purcell*, *Danby*, *Travers*, *Webbe*, *Lord Mornington*, &c., frequently approaches near to the Madrigal in musical effect, yet the basis of each is completely distinct from that of the other.

To understand the *Madrigal* properly, and to enjoy its beauties the more completely, it is necessary to consider the "quo animo" which lights up its fires. It is essentially a vocal and musical address, either in the way of serenade or otherwise; the subject chiefly is love, and it expresses hopes, griefs, desires, disappointments, praises, &c., either of woman or of long cherished abodes; the poetry is commonly terse, the expression warm, and the turn of the sentiment simple, high-souled, and delicate; the music abounds in fugue, and not unfrequently ingenious specimens of counter-point, syncopation, and inversion, in short it is a practical carrying out of the science of harmony in all its relations, effected with delicacy, striking with novelty, but never offending by the abrupt utterance of an unexpected musical phrase. As we have before said, it is a species of music which the vocal professor or composer cannot too carefully study, for he will receive thereby more practical hints in musical resolution and harmony than by any other set of examples whatsoever.

According to *Menage*, the word *Madrigal* is said to be derived from *mandra*, a "sheep-fold," and consequently it means pastoral song; but the true Etymology is yet doubtful, for we find some deriving the word from the Spanish, *madrugar*, signifying "to rise in the morning" and applied as the name for a serenade; again, it is asserted to be corruption of *marteguez*, a proverbial people who excelled in a composition of this kind; and Dr. Burney concedes that it is derived from *Alla Madre*, the beginnings of certain hymns to the Virgin.

The *Madrigal* must have been fully introduced into England in Shakespeare's time, for we find the Bard putting into the mouth of *Sir Hugh Evans*, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" the following portion of a song well known at that period:

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing *Madrigals*;
There we will make our beds of roses,
And a thousand vagrant posies."

These lines are not Shakespeare's own, but part of a popular composition in his day. We are writing from memory and cannot now give the name of the author, but it sufficiently proves that *madrigals* were then in considerable use. Now Shakespeare wrote his "Merry Wives of Windsor" in the year 1596, according to Chalmers, but certainly not later than the year 1601. We may arrive, therefore, pretty nearly at the period of the incorporation of madrigals upon the English school of music. There it now remains in the ascendant, and, together with a certain species of *Glee*, *Catch*, and *Round*, constitute a nationality of music altogether distinct from that of any other country. It is a distinction, on which it may be proud, and on which we may hereafter more fully dilate; *Glees*, *Catches*, *Rounds*, *Canons*, and the *Hunting*, *Bacchanalian*, and *Martial* songs of England are the stupendous branches which have grown from the trunk of this school, and, connected with the general consideration of music itself, may well be subjected to analysis.

Of the prevailing taste for the madrigal style of composition at the period of which we have spoken, we have an additional proof in the following passage which we quote from the "Foreign Quarterly Review,"—

"The *Opera Buffa*, or *Comic Opera*, made its appearance in 1597; it was called 'L'Anfiparnaso,' composed by *Praio Vecchi*. The music of this piece

is printed in a score of five separate parts, which are all employed throughout, even in the prologue. Each scene is therefore nothing more than a *five-part madrigal* in action. There is no solo or recitative throughout the whole performance, neither is there any overture or part for an instrument of any kind."

In fact, according to the authority just quoted, it should appear that the *Madrigal* is altogether anterior to the *Opera* as a musical composition, for the same writer, speaking of the music of Italy, says—

"The musical drama in this country has flourished from a remote period. *Sulpitius*, an Italian, speaks of it as an entertainment known there as early as the year 1490. He was supposed to have invented it, but he only revived it.

— For a long interval, however, the early operatic spirit, in whatever form it existed, seems to have slumbered, the principal Italian writers confining themselves to the production of *Oratorios*, *Masses*, *Madrigals*, and *Motets*. — The popes and nobles of Italy were all patrons of music, excellent artists were numerous, and yet the *Opera* did not permanently establish itself until the year 1632 at Rome. *Burney* mentions that the first secular or musical drama performed, was "Il ritorno di Angelica nell' Indie."

In taking leave of this subject for the present we are inclined to give utterance to the wish that an Amateur Madrigal, Glee, and Catch Club could be formed in this city. The amusement is rational, the advantage to the cause of music itself would be important, and indeed the arguments that might be adduced in support of such a measure are all but innumerable. We, ourselves, possess some little stock of these compositions, and doubtless such a society would find no difficulty in laying their hands on a sufficient quantity to enable them to make a good beginning.

Happily our ardent wish on this head has been satisfied, and we hail the period as one tending direction both to the furtherance of musical science and the promotion of the purest domestic amusement and gratification.

MR. G. H. DERWORT'S THIRD PRIVATE CONCERT.—This gentleman, who stands deservedly high in the esteem of the Profession, and who is a highly successful teacher of vocal music in classes, gave an excellent concert on Saturday evening last, consisting entirely of his own compositions. He was assisted, in the instrumental part, by the Band of the Philharmonic Society, of which he is himself a very effective member, and in the vocal part by thirty or forty of his own pupils. We were carried back to our earliest musical associations as we listened to Mr. Derwort's "First Composition," we fancied we were hearing a *Vanhall*, or a *Weideman*, composition, and it really stood in broad relief as compared with his *Sinfonia in C*, the latter being evidently of a much later date. Excepting these two, the remainder were all choruses, with full orchestral accompaniments, the vocal parts being sung by the pupils. One of these, however, was a singular composition, and so greatly admired that it was enthusiastically encored. It was a "Hymn, and the Lord's Prayer," harmonized, and with the violin and clarinet obligati; the latter being finely executed by Messrs. Marks and Gronevelt. The audience was the most numerous that we remember to have seen in the Apollo Saloon. One hint, however, we must give to the lady-vocalists, which is, not to be sawing the air with their fingers, as if they were following the motions, on a small scale, of the conductor's baton. It gave the concert the air of a piece of clockwork. The whole affair of this private concert was highly pleasing, and tending greatly to the promotion of "Part Singing."

The Drama.

We have had opportunity for a hasty inspection of the interior of Mr. Palmo's new theatre, and are greatly pleased with its dimensions and accommodations. It will hold about the same number as Niblo's, up town; but being expressly for opera, we think that the proprietor would have consulted both his own interest and the public gratification if he would have separated his boxes and allowed places to be taken. We understand that the house will be opened on Wednesday evening next, the 21st inst.

The Theatres and Amphitheatres are doing remarkably well considering that this is the season of private visits and entertainments; we have nothing to remark upon however, in especial.

Literary Notices.

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS. New York: Burgess & Stringer.—This popular work, by *Jules Janin*, has been warmly applauded in the English Reviews, and the publishers here have now given it in a neat and cheap form. We have not been able to judge of it beyond an extract or two in the English journals, but the name of the author is a sufficient passport to the reading public.

NEW MIRROR.—The fourth monthly part of this elegant periodical is published, containing four beautiful engravings and abundance of excellent literary matter. We rejoice to hear that the work has a most liberal patronage.

SONGS OF G. P. MORRIS.—These are brought together in an extra number of the New Mirror, and will form a valuable appendix to a volume of the latter.

ROYER'S "CHARLES DE BOURBON, LORD CONSTABLE OF FRANCE." Translated by *Edward S. Gould*. New York: Winchester.—This indefatigable publisher issues a new translation every week from the most choice of the French novelists of our day. They are wonderfully well done considering the rapidity with which they are produced in English dress, and they are cheap beyond all competition.

* * Philip Ignatius Kaufman has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a translation of the celebrated compendium of Modern Roman Law, by Dr. Ferdinand Mackeldey. The original work has long been held in high repute by Jurists in Europe, and it has the testimony of very eminent lawyers in this country to its excellence. It would be unnecessary to enlarge here upon the propriety and even the necessity of every legal student's diligent perusal of laws which form the essence of that legal department which is called the Civil Law, but we may safely congratulate the public that the reproduction of this fine work in the English language should have devolved on one so competent as

Dr. Haufman. The Editor purposes to append to the second volume of the work his projected "plan of a Civil Law Library."

Miscellaneous Articles.

NAPOLEON'S HEART.—When Bonaparte died at St. Helena, it is well known that his heart was extracted, with the design of being preserved. The British physician who had charge of that wondrous organ had deposited it in a silver basin, in water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt nervously anxious, as the custodian of such a deposit; and though he reclined he did not sleep. While lying thus awake, he heard, during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling with a rebound on the floor, all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A.—sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion on his repose was soon explained—it was an enormous rat dragging the heart of Bonaparte to its hole. A few moments more, and that which before had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe would have been found even in a more degrading position than the dust of Caesar stopping a beer-barrel—it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat.

NEW ANTISEPTIC.—It is stated from Vienna that the Abbe Baldaconi, of the Museum of Natural History of that city, has composed a solution of sal ammonia and corrosive sublimate, which has the effect of giving to articles immersed in it the hardness of stone, without injury to their natural colour. Even the flesh of animals thus treated acquires this hardness, and gives out, when struck, a metallic sound.

Mr. Hood an old favourite of the public, and an infinitely better joker than even the Rev. Sydney Smith, is about to commence a monthly magazine. It is to be devoted entirely to mirthful and amusing matters, Mr. Hood, in a humorous prospectus, assuring us that he will have nothing to do with politics. Thus he writes:—

I am no politician, and far from instructed on those topics which, to parody a common phrase, no gentleman's newspaper should be without. Thus, for any knowledge of mine, the Irish prosecutions may be for pirating the Irish melodies; the Pennsylvanians may have repudiated their wives; Duff Green may be a place, like Goose Green; Prince Polignac a dahlia or a carnation, and the Duc de Bordeaux a tulip. The Spanish affairs I could never master, even with a pronouncing dictionary at my elbow; it would puzzle me to say whether Queen Isabella's majority is or is not equal to Sir Robert Peel's; or if the shelling the Barcelonense was done with bombs and mortars, or the nutcrackers. Prim may be a Quaker, and the whole civil war about the Seville oranges. Nay, even on domestic matters nearer home, my profound political ignorance leaves me in doubt on questions concerning which the newsmen's boys and printers' devils have formed very decided opinions; for example, whether the Corn-law League ought to extend beyond three miles from Mark lane, or the sliding scale should regulate the charges at the Glaciarium; what share the Welsh Whigs have had in the Welsh riots, and how far the Ryots in India were excited by the slaughter of the Brahmin bull. On all such public subjects I am less *au fait* than that publicist the potboy, at the public-house, with the insouciant sign, "The Hog in the Pound."

THE LAST MOMENTS OF A POET.

The *Siècle* gives the following account of the last moments of Cassimir Delavigne:—

The invalid, accompanied by his wife and son, was obliged to stop at Lyons by the progress of his malady. A physician was called in, and from the moment he saw the patient considered his illness fatal, and informed Madame Delavigne that her husband had only a few hours to live. He succeeded, however, by his manner and assurances, in restoring calmness of mind to the patient who had been at first alarmed. About, eight o'clock the same evening the poet, when lying in bed, and in full possession of his faculties, asked his wife, in order to amuse the son, to read aloud. She, accordingly, took up "Guy Mannering," and continued reading for about three quarters of an hour, at which time the patient asked for some drink. As she was taking some precaution when offering him the glass, not to fatigue him, he cried out, "Oh! give it, I am strong enough!" He then raised himself up with some difficulty, and, leaning his head on his right hand, asked his wife to continue. But his features were already changed, for death was near. Madame Delavigne perceived the alteration, but, concealing her grief, she resumed her reading, which her emotion rendered unintelligible. "Why," said the dying man, "you are skipping whole sentences;" and, addressing his son, told him to go on himself. A moment after the head of Cassimir Delavigne fell back on the pillow. He began to recite some verses of a tragedy at which he had been at work for some time, and which was to be called "Melusine." In two minutes after life had fled, and the nearly concluded work which occupied his thoughts during his last moments perished with him, for it is well known that the deceased never wrote down his pieces until after having completed them in his mind, and then recited them from memory at the moment of preparing them for the theatre.

Income of the King of the French.—"La Reforme" observes, that at a period when it is proposed to vote a dotation to the Duke de Nemours it may not be unimportant to refer to the article of the budget relative to the receipts and expenses of the civil list, such as it was agreed to in the year 1830. It will then be seen whether the Duke de Nemours requires a dotation:—Personal expenses, 15,000 francs; dress, 35,000; private expenses of the Queen 1,500,000; study, 50,000; library, 200,000; Queen's service, 50,000; military service, aides-de-camp, &c. 150,000; expenses of the bedchamber, 150,000; chapel, 40,000; music, &c., 300,000. Service of the household—Wages, 650,000; liveries, 200,000; linen and washing, 160,000; firing, 200,000; lighting, 250,000; eatables, 500,000; wines, 150,000; service of the stables 1,000,000. Service of intendants—Superintendents, 350,000; treasury, 150,000; archives, 23,000; furniture, 1,000,000; balls and festivals, 300,000. Service of the fine arts—Private museum, 100,000; extraordinary, 400,000; establishment, 100,000. Service of domains and buildings—domains, 1,000,000; buildings, 2,200,000; law expenses, 80,000; extraordinary, 1,000,000. Total 12,753,000. Receipts—Produce of the domains, 3,205,000; dotation, 2,523,000; Orleans property, 1,795,000. Total, 7,523,000 francs.

Some one, in the hearing of Bonham, talked of suspending the Habeas Corpus in Ireland. "Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed the venerable greek; the shortest course to put down sedition in that country is to suspend O'Connell."

Singular and Melancholy Event.—It is pretty generally known to the public that the prince of modern comedians, Mr. W. Farren, some time since experienced a severe shock of paralysis at the conclusion of his inimitable performance of

Old Parr, at the Haymarket Theatre, and by which attack he was compelled to relinquish his professional duties.

On partial recovery, however, his three medical advisers recommended the air of Brighton. Thither he proceeded, and took up his residence on the Grand Parade, where he is, we are happy to say, rapidly recovering. It happened that at a few doors distance, No. 65, in a house belonging to the Dowager Countess of Winterton, lived Usher Glanville Doyle, a long standing acquaintance of Mr. Farren; a man of wealth—of rare qualities in literary, musical, and medical attainments (although an M. D. in the latter branch he never practised)—an author, and in convivial society he was an actor of great vivacity, power, and originality, his peculiar and vivid manner of reciting and acting anecdote never failing to "set the table in a roar." With all these fascinating powers of amusement, he had been for upwards of 20 years grievously afflicted with a tremulous affection of the whole nervous system, which unfortunate malady frequently carried him to such extremes of elevation and depression of spirits as to render his joy or grief painfully excessive. He would sometimes plunge so deeply into the latter passion, as to indulge in the wildest and most gloomy presentiments of the extent of his existence.

On a recent occasion, when his spirits were highly elated, he resolved upon giving an entertainment of the most *recherche* description on Christmas Day (to-morrow) and for that festive purpose he invited, amongst others, two of his oldest friends from London. The invitation was acknowledged and accepted in a humorous and facetious answer, the conjoint effusion of both the old friends, and it so tickled the mirthful fancy of poor Doyle as to induce him to communicate the contents to Mr. Farren (to whom the guests were perfectly known), in the hope that he might be prevailed upon to join them in the festivities of the day.

An interview followed, at which the spirit of the epistle provoked much laughter between them; but the conversation taking a serious turn, Mr. Farren, at the request of his friend, proceeded to describe his attack of paralysis in the most graphic and painfully vivid manner; how, when first attacked, a chilliness came over the region of his heart; how his limbs deadened, and refused to perform their wonted offices; how a mistiness came over his eyes; how all around him appeared confused—obscure; in brief, a chaos.

This conversation occurred on Saturday, the 9th inst., at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the two friends separated in high spirits, to return home to their respective repasts. Mr. Doyle ate a hearty dinner, but it was too soon made evident that a powerfully wrought description of an infirmity of which he had had a presentiment, added to a pre-disposed and highly excitable temperament, had produced an alarming effect upon his nervous system, which raised in the minds of his family the most painful apprehensions, which apprehensions, melancholy to state, were in less than two hours agonizingly realised by the poor man receiving a shock of paralysis, which withered his left side, and at one fell blow prostrated nearly all his mental and bodily energies.

Mr. Farren, his own medical adviser, was immediately in attendance, followed by Dr. Hall and other surgical professors; but the attack was so deeply rooted that it baffled the united skill of all those eminent men, and on Tuesday, the 12th inst., at half-past two P. M., the witty, generous, benevolent Usher Glanville Doyle terminated his mortal career. His remains were on Saturday, the 16th inst., at ten A. M. consigned to the silent tomb, in a vault under Christ Church, Montpellier road, Brighton, the worthy vicar, the Rev. Mr. Wagner (who, under the distressing circumstances most kindly rendered every possible assistance to the afflicted family), and the Rev. Mr. Cook officiating. The funeral obsequies were attended by the Rev. J. G. Glanville (a relative), his two old friends who were to have dined with him on Christmas Day (to-morrow), Mr. Farren, and Mr. Houseman.

By his demise Government will derive £15,000, he having not long since sunk £16,000 for the improvement of his annual income.

A Curious Instance of Animal Sagacity.—In Moncrieff's drama, "The Scamps of London," now performing at the Victoria Theatre, among other incidents is that of a sentimental young lady in the waistcoat and gaiter line, who emigrates from Birmingham to London by the rail, bringing with her her favorite cat, snugly packed up in a basket, which in a concussion with some of the scamps of London at the Euston square station is released from its confinement, and escapes. The feline establishment of the Victoria is considerable, consisting of no less than five of these interesting quadrupeds, one of them was therefore always easily secured by the property man of the theatre to go through this very effective portion of the drama. Before many nights, however, had elapsed after the first production of the piece, whether frightened by the vociferous cat-call from the gods, which always saluted her appearance, or disliking traveling by the basket, puss began to smell a rat and to be up to trap, and the property-man, as well as the hall-porter of the theatre, Edgar, were considerably mystified by the whole of the grimalkin tribe regularly, and most mysteriously disappearing, tabby, tortoiseshell, and all, about ten minutes previously to the time when their services would be required, a catastrophe that often reduced the theatre to the disagreeable necessity of borrowing a cat in the neighborhood. Notice of this dereliction of duty, or puerility of the whiskered race, having been duly reported to the treasury by the prompter, the manager immediately ordered their daily allowance to be stopped till after the performance, and thereby "hangs a tale," for it is a curious fact, that since this salutary precaution has been taken, no actors on the establishment are more attentive to their nightly duties than these four-footed ones. By what species of category or animal magnetism is this singular instinct to be accounted for?

Appropriate Rebuke.—One of our Paris letters states, that "at Lady Cowley's soiree, on Wednesday night last, occurred an incident which occupies all the world at present. Among the guests was a Mr. L.—, who, believing that none but a friend whom he addressed was within hearing, said, 'And they call this a party! Why, I never saw anything so dull in all my life. It is not worth the trouble of dressing for such an affair; and then the rooms are so intolerably hot.' Unfortunately, the noble hostess was standing near, and overheard him, and immediately said, 'Mr. L.—, there (pointing to the ante-room) is a cooler room, and beyond it (the hall) one still cooler.' This prompt and significant rebuke and hint was felt, understood, and taken." (This, the "Times" version of an affair which has given rise to a great deal of conversation in the English circles at Paris, is not exactly correct. We are assured that her Excellency did not immediately rebuke the offending speaker (which would have been as undignified as indiscreet), but, having good reason to believe that the ill-mannered complaint was intended for her hearing, her Ladyship sought an opportunity a few minutes afterwards of quietly informing Mr. L.— that his company was no longer agreeable.) Court Journal.

An honest Hibernian tar, a great favorite with Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went to his hammock:—"God be thanked, I never killed any man, nor no man ever killed me; God bless the world, and success to the British navy."

WAR-OFFICE, Dec. 22.—7th Reg. of Drag. Guards: Lt.-Col. W. M. Mills, from half-pay Unattached, to be Lt.-Col., vice Brevet Col. A. K. C. Kennedy, who exchanges; Maj. R. Richardson, to be Lt.-Col., by purchase, vice Mills, who retires; Capt. T. Le Marchant, to be Maj., by purchase, vice Richardson; Lt. H. Schonswar, to be Capt., by purchase, vice Le Marchant; Cornet C. G. O'Callaghan, to be Lt., by purchase, vice Schonswar; J. T. Cramer, Gent., to be Cornet, by purchase, vice O'Callaghan. 3d Reg. of Light Drag.: Cornet J. H. Travers, to be Lt., without purchase, vice Knowles, deceased; Cornet R. Casement, to be Lt., without purchase, vice Travers, whose promotion, on 24th Nov., 1843, has been cancelled; Ensign J. D. White, from the 3d Foot, to be Cornet, vice Casement. 15th Regt. of Light Drag.: Assist.-Surg. J. Lee, from the 57th Foot, to be Assist.-Surg., vice Bissett, who exchanges. 3d Reg. of Foot: Serg.-Maj. W. C. Collum, to be ensign, without purchase, vice White, appointed to 3d Light Drag. 9th Foot: Ensign F. Sievwright, to be Lt. by purchase, vice Macleod, who retires; J. Hanham, Gent., to be ensign, by purchase, vice Sievwright. 13th Foot: Ensign L. H. Bedford, to be Lt., by purchase, vice Penny, who retires; H. Hogge, Gent., to be ensign, by purchase, vice Bedford; R. B. Stowards, Gent., to be ensign, without purchase, vice Wade, promoted. 15th Foot: W. S. Portal, Gent., to be ensign, without purchase, vice Couper, who resigns. 16th Foot: S. R. L. Lovell, Gent., to be ensign, without purchase, vice Venables, appointed to the 50th Foot. 21st Foot: Second Lt. A. S. Bolton, to be first Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Wrixon, deceased; R. E. Peddie, Gent., to be second Lt., vice Bolton. 29th Foot: Ensign R. Dobbs, to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Mitchell, who retires; H. R. White, Gent., to be ensign, by purchase, vice Dobbs. 32nd Ft.: Lt. T. Robyns, to be Capt. by pur. v. Dillon, who rets.; Ens. H. E. Weare, to be Lt. by pur. v. Robyns; J. Lawrie, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Weare. 39th Ft.: Lt. and Adj. A. Turner, from h.-p. 3d W. I. Regt., to be lieutenant, v. Colvill, appt. to the 29th Ft.; Ens. J. H. Archer, to be Lt. by pur. v. Turner, who rets.; J. M. W. Ensor, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Archer. 44th Ft.: Capt. A. H. Ferryman, to be Major by pur. v. O'Neill, who rets.; Lt. J. Harvey, to be Capt. by pur. v. Ferryman; Ens. J. Robinson, to be Lt. by pur. v. Harvey; W. Hammer, gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Robinson. 50th Ft.: Ensign C. H. Tottenham, to be Lt. without pur. v. Green, dec.; Ens. T. V. Venables, from the 16th Ft. to be Ens. v. Tottenham. 55th Ft.: Capt. F. A. Whimper, from the 98th Ft., to be Capt. v. Grimes, who exchs. 56th Ft.: Lt. S. Oakeley, to be Capt. by pur. v. Fosbrooke, who rets.; Ens. H. W. Austin, to be Lt. by pur. v. Oakeley. 57th Ft.: Asst.-Surg. T. Bissett, M.D. from 15th Lgt. Drags., to be Asst.-Surg., v. Jee, who exchs. 64th Ft.: Lt. G. W. P. Bingham, from the 78th Ft. to be Lt. v. Parker, who exchs. 78th Ft.: Lt. W. Parker, from the 64th Ft. to be Lt. v. Bingham, who exchs. 86th Ft.: W. C. Baird, gent., to be Ens. without pur. v. Bowen, dec. 91st Ft.: A. Barclay, M. D., to be Asst.-Surg. v. Stubbs, who res. 97th Ft.: Lt. D. Craigie, to be Capt. without pur. v. Lisle, dec.; Ens. T. Biggs, to be Lieut. v. Craigie; H. S. J. Vicars, gent., to be Ens. v. Biggs. 98th Ft.: Capt. H. Grimes, from the 55th Ft., to be Capt. v. Whimper, who exchs. Ceylon Rifle Regt.: Asst.-Surg. J. Stuart, from the Staff, to be Surg. v. Ewing, dec.

Hospital Staff.—Asst.-Surg. J. C. G. Tice, from 8th Ft., to be Asst.-Surg. to the Forces, v. Stuart, prom. in the Ceylon Rifle Regt.

The under-mentioned cadets of the Hon. the E. I. Company's Service, to have the local and temporary rank of Ens. during the period of their being placed under the command of Lt.-Col. Sir F. Smith, of the Royal Engineers of Chatham, for field instruction in the art of sapping and mining: J. H. Dyas, A. Fraser, C. S. Paton, H. Drummond, J. C. Harris, and P. P. L. O'Connell, gents.

WAR-OFFICE, Dec. 29.—6th Regt. of Drag. Guards: Lieut. J. H. Dickson, to be Capt. by pur. v. Scott, who rets.; Cor. C. J. Bouchier to be Lieut. by pur. v. Dickson; C. E. Walker, Gent., to be Cor. by pur. v. Bouchier.—2d Regt. of Drags.: Lieut. C. Craven to be Capt. by pur. v. Forlong, who rets.; Cor. F. Philips to be Lieut. by pur. v. Craven; F. Hibbert, Gent., to be Cor. by pur. v. Philips.—11th Regt. of Light Drags.: Lieut. T. M. L. Weguelin to be Capt. by pur. v. Sutton, who rets.; Cor. the Hon. G. J. Noel to be Lieut. by pur. v. Weguelin; T. Y. Dallas, Gent., to be Cor. by pur. v. Noel; Staff-Surg. of the Second Class P. O'Callaghan, M.D., to be Surg. v. Chambers, prom. on the Staff.—1st (the Royal) Regt. of Ft.: Maj. G. Bell to be Lieut. Col. by pur. v. Deane, whose prom. has been can.; Capt. T. Aubin, from h.-p. 8th Garrison Battalion, to be Capt. v. J. Sampson, who exchs.; Lieut. the Hon. C. D. Plunkett to be Capt. by pur. v. Aubin, who rets.; Ens. G. G. Carlyon, to be Lieut. by pur. v. Plunkett; H. Charlton, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Carlyon.—7th Ft.: Second Lieut. E. R. Forman, from the 60th Ft., to be Lieut. by pur. v. Stephen, who rets.—8th Ft.: Asst.-Surg. J. R. Fennell, from the Staff, to be Asst.-Surg., v. Tice, app. to the Staff.—10th Ft.: Maj. C. L. Wingfield, from h.-p. Unatt., to be Maj. v. W. M. Wetenhall, who exchs.; Capt. T. H. Franks to be Maj. by pur. v. Wingfield, who rets.; Lieut. J. J. Bull to be Capt. by pur. v. Franks; Ens. M. C. Singleton to be Lieut. by pur. v. Bull.—22d Ft.: Capt. R. Williams, from h.-p. Unatt., to be Capt. v. Brevet Maj. A. Myers, who exchs.; Lieut. M. W. Goldie to be Capt. by pur. v. Williams, who rets.; Ens. I. S. B. P. Boileau to be Lieut. by pur. v. Goldie; J. Baldwin, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Boileau.—29th Ft.: Lieut. J. Power to be Capt. by pur. v. Nicolay, who rets.; Ens. J. Johnson to be Lieut. by pur. v. Power; G. St. Julien Henderson, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Johnson.—41st Ft.—Ens. T. A. Rawlins, to be Lt., by pur. vice Madden. 45th Ft.—Capt. G. B. Moultrie, from the 75th Ft., to be Capt. v. Simeon, who exchs. 46th Ft.—Capt. L. M'Pherson, from h.-p. Unattached, to be Capt. v. Richardson, who exchs. 66th Ft.—Lt. H. J. Turner, to be Capt., by pur. v. Winter, who rets.; Ens. G. C. Downman, to be Lieut., without pur.; Ens. F. W. Astley, to be Lieut., by pur. v. Turner; Lieut. J. H. Ross, to be adj. v. Maxwell, prom. 72d Ft.: A. O. Lord, to be Lieut., by pur. v. Price, who rets.; Ens. W. B. O. Campbell, from the 93d Foot, to be Ens. v. Lord. 75th Ft.—Capt. G. Simeon, from the 45th Ft., to be Capt. v. Moultrie, who exchs. 78th Ft.—Lt. J. R. Lamert, to be Capt., without pur. v. Brevet-Major T. H. Hemmings, who rets. upon full-pay; Ens. J. M. Hewson, to be Lt. v. Lamert; W. H. Maclean, Gent., to be Ens. v. Hewson. 84th Ft.—Ens. A. M. Cassan, to be Lieut., without pur. v. Swayne, superseded; G. V. Arbuckle, Gent., to be Ens. v. Cassan. 88th Ft.—Capt. D. Herbert, from h.-p. Unatt., to be Capt. v. G. L. Ormsby, who exchs. 92d Ft.—Ensign F. Nicoll, to be Lt., by pur. v. Pratt, who rets.; G. Warrender, Gent., to be Ens., by purchase, v. Nicoll. 3d West India Regt.—Lt. D. Lysons, from the 1st Regt. of Foot, to be Capt., by pur. v. Seymour. Cape Mounted Riflemen—Serg.-Major W. Hartshorn, from the 24th Foot, to be Ens., without pur. v. O'Connell, whose app. has been cancelled. Unattached.—To be Major, without pur.—Brevet-Major G. Dawson, from the 73d Foot. To be Captains, without pur.—Lieut. J. R. Norton, from the 15th Foot; Lieut. R. Webster, from the 99th Foot. Brevet.—To be Majors in the Army.—Capt. T. Aubin, of the 1st (the Royal) Regt. of Foot; Capt. R. Williams, of the 22d Regt. of Foot.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Dec. 29.—Corps of Ryl. Engineers; First Lieut.

W. Yolland, to be second capt. vice Hope, placed on the seconded list; Second Lieut. H. Y. D. Scott, to be first lieut. vice Yolland.—Royal Regt. of Artillery; Gentlemen Cadets H. A. Smyth, to be second lieut. vice Cadler, promoted; P. W. Philipps, to be second lieut. vice Pollock, promoted; E. Moubray, to be second lieut. vice Neville, promoted; F. H. Chancellor, to be second lieut. vice H. F. Strange, promoted; R. H. Carlyon, to be second lieut. vice Willett, promoted; H. S. Eliot, to be second lieut. vice Fortescue, promoted; C. Waller, to be second lieut. vice W. H. Cox, promoted; R. K. Freeth, to be second lieut. vice O'Connell, promoted; C. W. Grey, to be second lieut. vice King, promoted; F. M. M. Ommannay, to be second lieut. vice Neill, promoted; E. Palmer, to be second lieut. vice Clifford, promoted; O. H. Gilbert, to be second lieut. vice Brettingham, promoted; F. Vansittart, to be second lieut. vice Du Plat, promoted; L. G. Paget, to be second lieut. vice M. Adye, promoted; R. Phelps, to be second lieut. vice M'Queen, promoted; H. Mercer, to be second lieut. vice Franklin, promoted; H. A. R. Fitzgerald, to be second lieut. vice Hawkins, promoted.—Corps of Royal Engineers; Gentlemen Cadets O. S. Hutchinson, to be second lieut. vice Cowper, promoted; H. Wray, to be second lieut. vice Gibb, promoted; C. Pasley, to be second lieut. vice Napier, promoted; J. Stokes, to be second lieut. vice Burtchall, deceased; W. R. G. Hickey, to be second lieut. vice Blake, deceased.

ADMIRALTY, Dec. 26.—Corps of Royal Marines—Gentlemen Cadets J. Crochet and H. N. Gell, to be second lieutenants.

EPIGRAMS.

"There are lines in your poem—while looking it o'er—
It struck me, I met a good many before,
In Milton and Shakspeare." "Well sir," muttered Pat,
"I suppose you don't think them the worse, sir, for that."
"I'm not in debt." "Oh, you need not have said it.
Where the deuce, my dear fellow, could you have got credit?"

FROM THE CHINESE OF HONG KONG.

Showing how a poet abused his domestic energy, and yet more his friends.

Shih Nong by Shuh Nong being badly treated,
Sounded the vengeful gong of long sing-song,
And then, ding dong, his verses he repeated
To me—Hong Cong—who never did him wrong!

HONG CONG'S PRAYER.

Oh that, suspended from a long strong thong,
Or two of them,—an hour, or not so long—
Hong Cong could see both Shih Nong and Shuh Nong,
Kicking the world before them, play swing-swong!

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method published by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory. Jan. 26-44.

BOUQUETS.—W. RUSSELL, Florist, &c., Henry-st., near the South Ferry, Brooklyn respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he can supply them with Bouquets, Cut Flowers, &c., of the best qualities, and at the lowest prices of the season.—Orders left at the Garden, or at Mr. W. Jackson's Bookstore, 177 Broadway, N.Y., will be punctually attended to. Early notice will particularly oblige W. R. Dec. 16,

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following—

The "Principality Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.
Do do 2, fine do
Do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fineness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

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A CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo-American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the "Phil. Sat. Courier," "Post," and "Museum," Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot," "Anglo-American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Rover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, Aug. 19-44. No. 6 Ann Street

THE SECOND ANNUAL BALL of the ALERT BOAT CLUB will be given at Tammany Hall, on Monday Evening, Jan. 29, 1844. Tickets, \$1 each, admitting a Gentleman and Ladies, to be had at Atwill's Music Store, and at Tammany Hall, or from any of the Members. Jan 6-44.

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